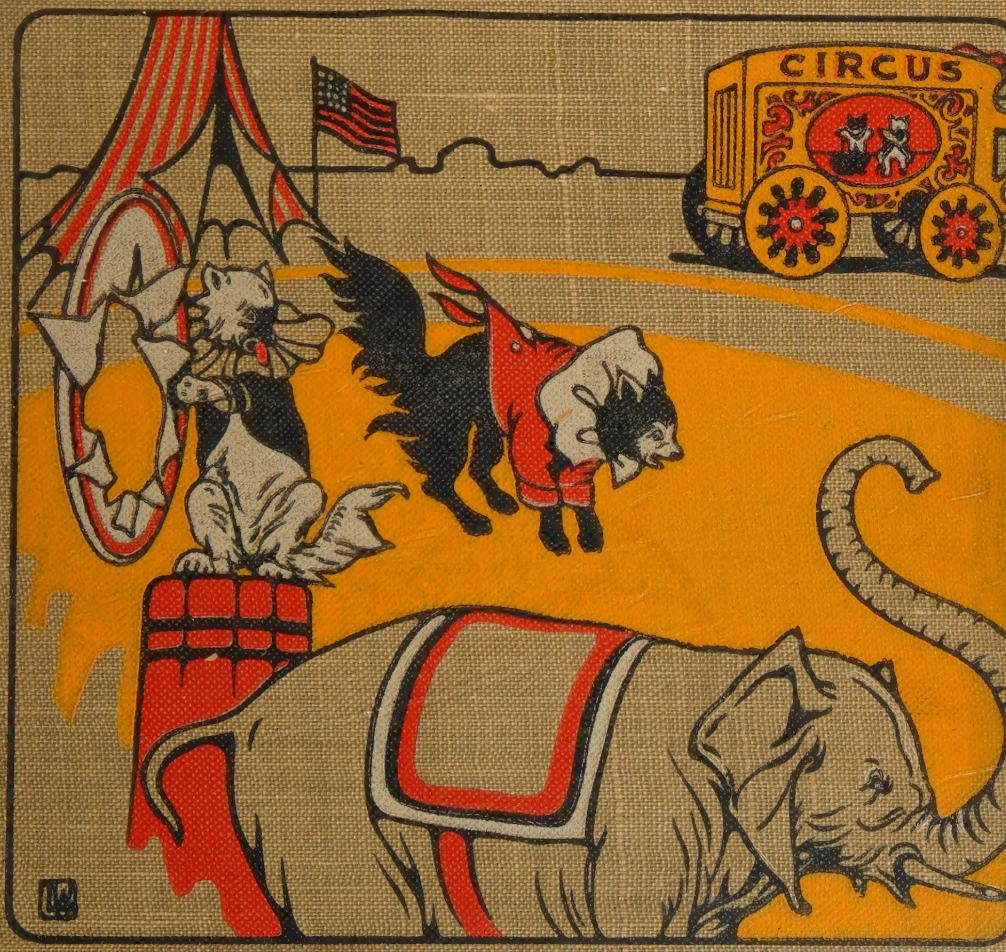
+ BED TIME STORIES +

Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow



Howard R. Garis

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/jackiepeetiebowb0000howa

Merry Xmas.

Herbert Ekstrom

Dec. 25, 1920.

Verna E.

LOUIS WISA

BEDTIME STORIES

Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow

BY

HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of "Sammie and Susie Littletail," "Johnnie and Billie Bushytail," "Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble," "Those Smith Boys," "Those Smith Boys on the Diamond," "The Island Boys," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS WISA

A. L. BURT COMPANY

PUBLISHERS - - NEW YORK

THE FAMOUS
BED TIME SERIES

Five groups of books, intended for reading aloud to the little folks each night. Each volume contains 8 colored illustrations, 31 stories, one for each day of the month. Handsomely bound in cloth. Size 6½x8¼.

Price 60 cents per volume, postpaid

HOWARD R. GARIS'
Bed Time Animal Stories

No. 1. SAMMIE AND SUSIE LITTLETAIL
No. 2. JOHNNY AND BILLY BUSHYTAIL
No. 3. LULU, ALICE & JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE
No. 5. JACKIE AND PEETIE BOW-WOW
No. 7. BUDDY AND BRIGHTEYES PIGG
No. 9. JOIE, TOMMIE AND KITTIE KAT
No. 10 CHARLIE AND ARABELLA CHICK
No. 14 NEDDIE AND BECKIE STUBTAIL
No. 16 BULLY AND BAWLY NO-TAIL
No. 20 NANNIE AND BILLIE WAGTAIL
No. 28 JOLLIE AND JILLIE LONGTAIL

Uncle Wiggily Bed Time Stories

No. 4 UNCLE WIGGILY'S ADVENTURES
No. 6 UNCLE WIGGILY'S TRAVELS
No. 8 UNCLE WIGGILY'S FORTUNE
No. 11 UNCLE WIGGILY'S AUTOMOBILE
No. 19 UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE SEA-SHORE
No. 21 UNCLE WIGGILY'S AIRSHIP
No. 27 UNCLE WIGGILY IN THE COUNTRY

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers

A. L. BURT CO., 114-120 East 23d St., New York

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY
R. F. FENNO & COMPANY

BEDTIME STORIES—Jackie and Peetie Bow-Wow

JACKIE AND PEETIE BOW WOW

STORY I

JACKIE, PEETIE AND THE PUSSY

Let me see, now; I've told you quite a few stories about rabbits, squirrels and ducks; so, for a change, how would you like to hear about two tiny puppy dogs, Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow? Now, if you'll get nice and comfortable in your chair, and don't wiggle too much, I'll begin. You see, when you wiggle, it gives me the craw-craws, and I can't think straight.

Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow lived with their papa and mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow, in a house called a kennel, near where Jimmie and Alice and Lulu Wibblewobble had their duck pen. It was not far from the homes of Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and the little puppy dogs used often to play with those friends.

One day, oh, I guess it was just before the Fourth of July, or, maybe, around Decoration Day, Jackie and Peetie walked out of the kennel and started off in search of an adventure. You know an adventure is something that happens to you, whether you want it or not. Sometimes they are good, and sometimes bad; the adventures I mean, and sometimes they happen when you're not at all ready for them. That's the way it was with Jackie and Peetie. The little puppy dogs couldn't walk very well, they were so small, but they did the best they could.

Jackie was all black, with a white spot on the end of his stubby nose, and Peetie was all white, with a black spot on the end of his cold nose. That's the only way you can tell them apart, so I hope you'll remember it.

"Where shall we go?" asked Peetie, as he stumbled over a stone and fell down in a lump.

"We won't be able to go very far, if you tumble around like that," objected his brother. And just then if Jackie himself didn't fall over a piece of dirt, and he turned a complete somersault.

"There!" cried Peetie. "Who's falling now?"

"Well, I guess I did," admitted Jackie, which shows that you should always be careful about what you say when you're walking.

"Let's look for a nice boot to get hold of and pull," suggested Peetie.

"I'd rather have a nice bone," declared Jackie. So they hunted around, sniffing here and sniffing there, and in the other place, for a nice, juicy bone, but they couldn't find any. And they couldn't even find a boot to pull on, to sharpen their teeth and make their jaws strong. So they went on, and on, and on, through the woods, and over the fields, hoping they would soon meet with an adventure. And they did, in about a minute.

They hadn't gone on much farther, and Jackie had only tumbled down eleven times, and Peetie ten, when, just as they came from behind a stump, whom should they see standing in front of them but a big cat, with sharp teeth and long claws. Now it's a funny thing, but cats and puppy dogs don't seem to get along well together. So, as soon as Jackie and Peetie saw this cat, they began to growl, and the cat made her tail big, and made her hair stand up, and rounded up her back, almost like a hoop. And she made a funny noise, like steam coming out of the radiator.

"There's a cat; let's bite her!" cried Jackie.

"All right," agreed Peetie. But the cat didn't look as if she wanted to be bitten. She seemed

real savage, and as if she would bite the puppy dogs instead of letting them bite her. Peetie and Jackie stood looking at her. They had to put their feet wide apart to keep from wobbling from side to side, and each held one ear up, and the other ear down, and they tilted their heads like looking glasses, and opened their eyes as wide as ever they could.

"Did you say you were going to bite me?" asked the cat, making her tail bigger than ever.

"We were going to," answered Peetie. "Dogs always bite cats, you know."

"And cats always scratch dogs," said the pussy quickly. "So there! Do you want me to scratch you?"

"No," answered Jackie, "I don't believe we do. Would you scratch us very hard?"

"I should feel obliged to scratch you very hard; very hard, indeed," answered the cat, slowly, sticking out her claws, accidental-like.

"Then, perhaps, we hadn't better bite you," remarked Peetie, thoughtfully. "Do dogs *always* have to bite cats, Jackie?" he asked his brother.

"Well, I've always heard so," answered Jackie.

"Maybe it's only bad dogs that bite cats,"

suggested the pussy, and her tail wasn't quite so big now.

"That's it!" cried Peetie. "And we're not bad dogs, so we won't bite you."

"I'm glad of that," replied the cat. "Then I won't scratch you," and her tail shrank away down and her fur was straight again. "Let's be friends," she suggested.

"All right, we will," agreed Jackie. "But we were looking for an adventure."

"I can show you one," said the pussy. "Did you ever see any dear little kitty-cats?"

"No," replied Peetie. "I never did." And Jackie hadn't either.

"I will show you mine," went on the cat, "and you can call that an adventure." So she led them through the woods, and this time Peetie fell down only seven times, and Jackie only six times, which was doing pretty well. In a little while they came to where five dear little kittens were all cuddled up in a nest, and, oh, how glad those kitties were when their mother came back. The puppy dogs looked at them, spreading their legs wide apart, so as not to wobble, and the puppies blinked their eyes.

"They are fine adventures," declared Jackie, at last.

"Very fine adventures, indeed," agreed Peetie. "I'm glad we didn't bite you, Mrs. Cat."

"And I'm glad I didn't scratch you," she answered. "Come and see me again, some day." So the puppy dogs said they would, and they went home, and on their way Peetie fell down only three times, and Jackie only four times. They didn't get hurt, and their mamma had a nice bone for them in the kennel. Now, in case I don't break my glasses by dropping them into my bread and milk, I'll tell you tomorrow night about how Jackie got stuck in a boot.

STORY II

JACKIE IN A BOOTLEG

Jackie Bow Wow tumbled out of the nice, warm corner of the kennel, where he had been sleeping beside his mamma. The little puppy dog spread his legs wide apart, to keep from falling over, opened his big, brown eyes, cocked up his ears, and wondered what had happened. Then, as he heard his brother Peetie laughing, he knew what had made him tumble out of the warm straw in the kennel. Peetie had pushed him out, and had awakened Jackie from a nice sleep.

"What did you do that for?" asked Jackie, and he growled just the least bit at his brother.

"Oh, it's time to get up," answered Peetie. "Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster, has crowed the 7 o'clock crow, and it's time for breakfast."

"I was just having a nice dream," went on Jackie. "I dreamed I had found a dandy, juicy bone. Then you had to go and push me out!"

"Oh, well," began Peetie, but he didn't know

what he could say, and Jackie was just getting ready to run at him, and maybe upset him, and make him turn a somersault; maybe, but of course I can't say for sure; when, all of a sudden, Mrs. Bow Wow, the puppy dogs' mother, called:

"Come to breakfast, Peetie and Jackie. Hurry, before it gets cold."

So they tumbled over each other around the corner of the kennel, just as Mr. Doodle, the big rooster, was crowing the half-past seven crow, and if there wasn't a nice basinful of warm meat and bread and potatoes.

Oh! it was the finest breakfast the puppy dogs had ever eaten, and they just stuck their heads down into it, Peetie with the black spot on his nose, and Jackie with the white spot on his nose; and there they stood, eating away, their mamma watching them, and telling them to be nice puppy dogs, and not to crowd, not to eat too fast, not to spill their food and to be sure to clean their faces off with their red tongues when they had finished.

"Well, what shall we do now?" asked Peetie, after breakfast.

"Let's go over and play with Sammie Littletail," suggested his brother.

"Oh, it's too far through the woods. Let's play hide and seek," said Peetie.

"All right, I will if you let me hide first," answered Jackie, and Peetie said he would. If Jackie had known what was going to happen to him, perhaps he wouldn't have been so ready to go hide, but you know we never can tell what is going to happen in this world, no matter how long we go to school. Maybe it's a good thing. So Peetie hid his face between his paws, and be began to count this way: "Bow, wow, wow! Bow, wow, wow! Are you ready? I'm coming anyhow."

Of course, as soon as Peetie began to count, Jackie ran off to hide. First he thought he would hide in the kennel, and then he knew Peetie would find him there. Then he thought he would get under the pile of wood, but he remembered that he had hidden in that place once before, so he didn't go there this time.

Then, all of a sudden, Jackie saw a big rubber boot that some one had thrown away. It had a hole in the toe, but otherwise it was all right. It was just behind the kennel-house.

"That will be a fine place to hide," thought Jackie, and then he ran right inside the leg of the boot, before Peetie had counted up to twenty-five bow-wows, and had started to find him.

Well, Jackie kept as still as two little baby mice when they know the cat is after them. The puppy dog was well hidden in the boot, and he kept wiggling farther and farther in until, pretty soon, he was away down in the foot part, and he could look out of the little hole in the toe. Then he could see Peetie hunting for him. And Peetie looked everywhere. He looked in the kennel, and by the wood pile, and behind the apple tree and in the chicken yard, and in the duck pen, and goodness knows where he didn't look; but he couldn't find Jackie anywhere.

And, all the while, Jackie was safely hidden in the old rubber boot, and he was laughing as hard as he could because his brother couldn't find him. You see, Peetie never thought of looking in the boot.

Then, when Peetie went some distance off, to see if Jackie was hiding in the rain-water barrel, Jackie thought that would be a good chance to run in home and not be caught. So he started to go, but a terrible thing happened! He found that he couldn't turn around inside the boot to run out! There he was, stuck fast in the leg of the boot, and the hole in the toe wasn't big enough for him to crawl through. He turned and he twisted, and he wiggled, and he woggled, and he scrambled, and he fozzled

all around, but he couldn't get loose. Oh, wasn't it terrible! Well, finally he got so frightened that he called out:

"Here I am, Peetie! I'll be it, if you'll only help me get out of the boot! Here I am!"

Then Peetie ran back, and when he heard where his brother was, (for he couldn't see him, you know,) he, too, was frightened.

"I'll help you out, Jackie," cried Peetie, and he began to gnaw the boot with his teeth, thinking he could chew a hole in it. But goodness sakes alive. You know what a rubber boot is! It's just like gum to chew, so soft and springy; and no matter how hard Peetie chewed, he couldn't make a hole big enough for Jackie to get out. Then Peetie tried to scratch a hole in the boot, from the outside and he couldn't, and Jackie tried to scratch one from the inside, and he couldn't.

"Oh!" cried Jackie, "I'll never get out! Never, never!"

"Yes you will," exclaimed his brother. "I'll run and tell papa." So Peetie ran and told Mr. Bow Wow where Jackie was. Mr. Bow Wow hadn't gone to work yet, so he hurried as fast as he could, to where the little puppy dog was stuck in the bootleg. Then, with three great big bites from his strong teeth Mr. Bow Wow bit

a big hole in the boot, and Jackie came tumbling out, safe and sound.

"Oh!" he sighed. "It was terrible hot in there. Terrible!"

"Well, don't hide in a place like that again," said his papa, and Jackie promised that he wouldn't. Now in case you sleep on top of the bed, and don't crawl under it to look for the pussycat, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie and the turkey gobbler.

STORY III

PEETIE AND THE TURKEY GOBBLER

One upon a time it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow went away from home on a visit, leaving Jackie and Peetie, the little puppy dogs, all alone. Their mamma had put some good things for them to eat in one corner of the kennel, and had told them to be good until she came back, and they both had promised that they would. But it only goes to show that, try as hard as you can to be good, sometimes something happens. Something happened to Peetie and Jackie, and I'm going to tell you about it, because I hope you all slept very well last night, and will again tonight.

Well, when Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow had gotten on the trolley car, to go see a second cousin of Mrs. Bow Wow's, Jackie said to Peetie:

"Let's have some fun."

"All right," agreed Peetie. "What shall we do?"

"Let's go off on a long walk," proposed

Jackie. "Our legs are stronger now, and I don't wobble so much when I stand up. Neither do you."

"That's right," agreed his brother. "And we don't tumble down so much when we run, either. Look at me," and he ran up and down in front of the kennel-house, holding his little nose with the black spot on it, as high as he could. Well, wasn't it too bad? Peetie stumbled over a bread crust, and went down ker-flop! But, of course, that didn't count for they hadn't really started yet, and he got up as quickly as he could. "Did you put that crust there?" he asked Jackie.

"No," answered Jackie, "I didn't. But I'll eat it up, to get it out of the way," which he did, as quickly as you can crack open a peanut and take out the inside.

"I guess we are strong enough to take a long walk," said Peetie, after he had rubbed his black spotted nose up against the side of the kennel. "We'll take our lunch, go off in the woods, and maybe we'll meet with an adventure, like the day when we saw the kittie cats."

So they wrapped up in a paper the lunch their mamma had left for them and started off. Well, the first thing that happened was that Jackie fell down. Right down he fell in a puddle of water, and, of course, he got all wet.

"Oh, that's too bad!" cried Peetie. "I'm so sorry for you," and he helped his brother dry himself on some oak leaves.

Then they went on a little farther, and goodness, land sakes, floppsy-dubbs! if Peetie also didn't stumble and fall. And the worst part of it is that he dropped the bundle of lunch, and it went ker-splash, ker-splosh into another puddle of water; not the one Jackie fell in, though, but another.

"There!" cried Jackie. "The lunch is all spoiled."

"Maybe it's not all spoiled," suggested Peetie, as he got a long stick and fished it out. "Let's look." So they looked, but, dear me! Well, you know what happens when you drop bread in water. It all gets soaked up, doesn't it? All soft and soaky and slippery and sloppery. Well, that's just how it was this time.

"Oh! I guess we don't need any lunch," said Peetie, after a bit. "I'm not very hungry, and maybe we'll find something to eat when we have an adventure, or when something happens." So they left the soaked bread for the birds to eat and went on.

On, and on, and on they went, and Jackie fell down two times, and Peetie three times, but one of those falls didn't count, because a cobweb got

in Peetie's eye and blinded him. The little puppy dogs looked all about for something to happen, but nothing did, and they began to get tired and hungry. Then, all at once, just as they were coming out of the woods to where there was a big field, they saw a great bird, almost as large as an eagle strutting about; only it wasn't an eagle.

"What's that?" cried Peetie.

"That's a turkey gobbler," answered Jackie. "I know, for they once had one at the place where we live, only he disappeared just before Thanksgiving and I haven't seen him since."

"Maybe this is that one," suggested Peetie. "Perhaps he came back."

"No," answered Jackie. "This is a bigger one. The one I saw was eaten up, I guess."

"Well, whoever he is, this one seems to be eating something," went on Peetie, "and I'm going to ask him for some. I'm awful hungry."

"Aren't you afraid?" inquired Jackie.

"What? Me afraid of a turkey gobbler?" Peetie wanted to know. "I guess not! You stay here, Jackie, and I'll go right up, and get something to eat for both of us."

So Jackie stayed behind a big tree, and Peetie wobbled up, as straight as he could to the turkey gobbler, and the little puppy dog only fell down

once, but that was because he stepped on a sharp stone, so that didn't count.

"Will you please give me and my brother something to eat?" Peetie asked of the big bird.

"Gobble-obble-obble-obble!" cried the turkey, for he wasn't feeling very well at that moment. "Gobble-obble-obble," he went on, which means "no" with your fingers crossed, and that's a very particular kind of a "no," indeed.

Then the turkey gobbler got real angry because Peetie stood there looking at him and at the nice things the gobbler was eating, and that big bird just puffed out his chest, and he let down his wings and he rushed right at Peetie, crying: "Gobble-obble-obble-obble!" as hard as he could.

But do you s'pose Peetie was afraid? Not a bit of it! He just stood still, and crouched down, and he was so little that the turkey gobbler walked right over him without stepping on him, and that bird's wings were spread out so, all around on the ground like a little feathery tent, that the small puppy dog was completely hidden under them, and the turkey gobbler couldn't see Peetie at all.

Well, you can just imagine how surprised that bird was. He said "Gobble-obble-obble," so many times that he had to sneeze. And he looked

all around for Peetie, but of course he couldn't see him, for the turkey's own feathery wings were still hiding the doggie.

Then Jackie got alarmed, because, when he couldn't see Peetie, he thought the turkey gobbler had eaten up his little brother, and he rushed out from the woods, right at the gobbler. And Jackie barked as hard as he could, and nipped at the turkey's legs, until the big bird was so frightened that he ran away, gobbling as hard as he could gobble.

Then of course, as soon as he raised his wings, there was Peetie, not hurt a bit, only surprised-like.

"Come on, run!" cried Jackie. "This is a terrible adventure!" So they both ran from the field as fast as they could, and glad enough they were to get back home, I can tell you, and they never went so far off again. Now in case you don't get your new shoes all muddy, so you can't go to the rice pudding circus, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie and Jackie going fishing.

STORY IV

JACKIE AND PEETIE GO FISHING

Did any of you get your new shoes muddy yesterday? Well, if you did, I was going to say I couldn't tell you any Bedtime Story tonight, but, after thinking it over, I've decided that I will relate a little story to you, after all. Probably it wasn't your fault that the mud got in the way of your new shoes.

Well, Jackie and Pettie Bow Wow were sleeping in front of their kennel-house one fine afternoon, when, all of a sudden, Jackie woke up. Now there was a funny thing about Jackie. You remember him?—the puppy dog, who was black, with a white spot on his nose. Well, the funny part of him was that he always wanted to be doing something.

Of course Peetie, the white dog with the black spot on his nose, wanted to do things, too, but Jackie generally was the first to speak about it. So, as soon as he woke up, Jackie bit Peetie's

left ear, very gently and softly, and awakened his little brother.

"What's the matter?" asked Peetie, stretching first one leg, then the other. "Why did you wake me up."

"Let's go fishing," said Jackie. "It's a fine day, and I think the fish will bite well."

"Humph! I don't feel like getting bitten today," answered Peetie, who didn't know much about fish. "I don't see why we should let the fish bite us."

"Oh, you don't understand me," went on Jackie, "I mean that the fish will bite on the bait and the hook."

"But won't the hook hurt the fish?" asked Peetie, who was very kind-hearted. In fact he was so kind that he didn't like even to kill a mosquito when it bit him on the nose.

"Well, I s'pose the hook will hurt the fish a little," admitted Jackie.

"Then I don't want to go," decided Peetie.

"Oh, come on!" called Jackie, getting up on his four legs and standing pretty still for so little a puppy dog. "We'll use hooks that aren't sharp and they won't hurt the fish."

"All right," replied Peetie, "then I'll go."

So the two little puppy dogs went to some bushes, and, with their sharp teeth they each

gnawed off a fish pole. Then they found some string for lines, and they got some pins and bent them to make hooks. Only they rubbed the sharp part of the pins on a stone to make the points dull, so they wouldn't hurt the fish.

"What bait shall we take?" asked Peetie.

"Oh, some pieces of bone," answered Jackie. "We like bones, so I guess fish will also like them."

So they took some small pieces of bone for bait and started off through the woods to the pond near where Alice and Lulu and Jimmy Wibblewobble, the three ducks, lived.

The puppy dogs were going to fish there. On the way they met Sammie Littletail, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and the squirrels and rabbit asked the puppy dogs where they were going. Jackie and Peetie said they were going fishing, and when they showed their hooks that weren't sharp and the bones for bait, Sammie and Johnnie and Billie laughed so loud you might have heard them even in bed. Oh, yes, indeed, they laughed so they got the hiccoughs, but Peetie and Jackie couldn't see why.

"You'll never catch any fish that way," said Sammie.

Now the funny part of it is how did Sammie know the puppy dogs wouldn't catch any fish?

But he did know, for the two doggies didn't get a single bite. However, Jackie caught something, and you'll soon learn what it was.

Well, after a while, oh, I guess in about four barks and a half, the two puppy dogs went on and soon came to the duck pond. There was no one around then, so they sat down on the bank, put some pieces of bone on the bent pin hooks that weren't sharp, and waited for the bites—that is, they waited for the fishes to bite the bait, not to bite the puppy dogs, you understand.

Well, they waited, and they waited, and they waited, and they didn't catch anything. Alice and Lulu Wibblewobble came out to look at them, and Alice wanted to tell the puppies that there weren't any fish in that part of the pond, but Lulu said it would be a pity to spoil the doggies' fun, so the two duck girls walked away, and only said, "How-do-you-do?"

In a little while, the sun was so nice and warm, and it was so still and quiet, that Peetie fell asleep. He dreamed he had found a nice, juicy bone, and that Jackie was trying to pull it away from him, and then Peetie gave a big jump, in his sleep, and bless my soul! if he didn't jump himself right into the water! Yes, sir, he fell in ker-splish-splash, head over heels!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Peetie, as soon as he felt

the cold water. "Help me out, Jackie! Help me!"

"I will!" shouted Jackie. "I'll save you, Peetie! Don't be afraid. I'll get you out!"

"Quick, before the fish bite me!" yelled Peetie.

"I'll save you!" cried Jackie again. "Here, grab hold of my fish line. The hook can't hurt you, because it isn't sharp, and I'm glad now that we made them dull. Grab it and I will pull you out!"

So Peetie grabbed hold of the line Jackie threw to him, and Jackie tried to pull his little brother out of the water. But, oh dear! Peetie was too heavy for him! Jackie pulled and he hauled, and he yanked and he twisted on that line, but he couldn't pull Peetie up, and it began to look as if Peetie would drown. But just then, upon my word, if along didn't come Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Have you got a bite?" Then, as he saw how hard Jackie was pulling, he added: "Land sakes! Goodness me! I should say you did have a bite, and a big one, too! Is it a shark or a whale?" Because, you know, he couldn't see Peetie, who was under water.

"I've caught my little brother," said Jackie, "but I can't pull him up!"

"What! Caught your little brother on a hook and line?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "How cruel!"

"Oh, but it was an accident. He fell in, and the hook isn't sharp," said Jackie, and then Uncle Wiggily took hold of the line and helped Jackie pull poor Peetie out, just in time.

Then the two little puppy dogs went home, without catching a single fish, but they had had quite an exciting time, I can tell you. Now let me see. If you don't spill any egg on the table cloth so that it looks like a yellow daffodil flower in the garden, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Jackie, Peetie and the feather pillows.

STORY V

PEETIE, JACKIE AND THE PILLOWS

When Peetie and Jackie got home from their fishing trip, their papa and mamma wanted to know why Peetie was all wet.

"Did you go in swimming, when I told you not to?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma," he said, and then he told how he had fallen into the water.

Well, Mrs. Bow Wow was quite worried, and she said she thought Peetie and Jackie had better stay around home for a few days, until they got more used to taking care of themselves. So they couldn't go very far off, and that's the reason something happened that I'm going to tell you about.

One day they were walking around in the woods, not far away from the kennel, when they happened to look over toward the house, where some people lived. You know that squirrels and rabbits live in the woods, that is, unless they're very tame indeed; but puppy dogs most always

live near a house that has people in it. That was the case with Peetie and Jackie.

Well, just as usual, Jackie started something. He looked over toward the house, and, on the green lawn, where the grass was as soft as velvet, he saw something white. There were two or three of the things, and when he had looked at them for some time, with his head on one side, and one ear up, and the other one down, in order to listen well, Jackie said:

"Peetie, what do you s'pose those things are?"

"Bones, maybe," answered Peetie, trying to stretch himself up high, in order to see the better, but falling down in the attempt. "I guess they're bones," he went on, as he took from his mouth a stone that had gotten in when he fell down.

"They are too large for bones," declared Jackie, going nearer. "Much too large."

"Maybe they are big bones," suggested Peetie again, as he straightened himself up very carefully. "I once saw papa have a very large bone."

"Oh, that was at Christmas time," spoke Jackie. "It isn't Christmas now. I'm going closer and look. Come on."

So Peetie and Jackie went through the fence, and on the lawn where the white things were. Then the puppy dogs saw that the objects

weren't bones. They poked their noses against them, and stuck their front paws into them, and found that the white things were very soft. Oh, as soft as mush, I guess, or maybe chewing gum, when you step on it.

"What do you s'pose they can be?" asked Jackie again.

"Maybe they're baseballs," said Peetie. "I know Sammie Littletail has a ball something like these things."

"They are far too large for baseballs," decided Jackie. "But they are nice and soft to lie down upon. Come on, we will take a little nap."

So those two puppy dogs, each one, got upon one of the soft white things, and what do you imagine they were? Why, pillows, of course. The lady of the house, Aunt May, her name was, had put them out in the sun to air, and she never thought the two puppy dogs would come along and go to sleep on them. But they did, oh, my, yes, and a bed quilt besides; yes, indeed.

After Jackie had slept a while he woke up, and said:

"Peetie, I wonder if these soft, white things would be good to pull on, like a piece of cloth or an old boot? You and I haven't pulled on anything, so as to stretch our necks and make our

teeth sharp, in some time. Suppose we try these?"

"Go ahead," answered Peetie, who was generally ready for anything his brother proposed. "I'll help pull with you."

So what did those puppy dogs do but each take hold of an end of one of the pillows in his teeth! Wasn't that a perfectly dreadful thing for them to do? Of course, they didn't know any better, so that's some excuse; but you just wait and see what happens.

Well, they took good hold with their teeth, and then they braced back on their hind legs, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, all the while shaking their heads back and forth, and wiggling and growling and pretending to be angry; but only pretending, mind you, for it isn't nice to be really angry.

Well, in about a minute; no, I guess it was about a minute and a quarter, something happened. Those puppy dogs pulled so hard that they pulled the pillow apart and whoop-de-doodle-do! if the feathers inside of it didn't scatter all over, just like when it snows big flakes, and you think of sleigh rides, and all that sort of thing. My! how the feathers did fly!

Jackie and Peetie were so surprised they didn't know what to do. They had never seen

anything like that. There they stood, each one with a piece of the pillow in his teeth, and the feathers were all over! My! You would have thought there were feathers enough to make sixteen Wibblewooble duck families.

"What happened?" asked Jackie, surprised-like.

"I don't know," answered Peetie. "But it was fun. Let's do it again. Here's another one over here."

So they ran across the grass to where there was another pillow and on the way they had fairly to wade through the feathers. Well, just as usual, they each fell down, and, as they had fallen down in a mud puddle just before going in on the lawn, their hair was all wet, and now the feathers stuck to them like paper on the wall.

Then those puppy dogs looked like geese, but they didn't mind that. They just grabbed another pillow, and they pulled, and they hauled, and they yanked, and they twisted this way and that way; and they shook their heads and they growled, but only pretending, you understand, and they braced back on their hind legs and then well, I'm almost ashamed to tell you, for fear you'll think those doggies are bad, when they aren't, but if the second pillow didn't pull right apart, and whoof! the feathers from that pillow

scattered all over, just like a lot of fog, or cotton from a bed quilt.

"Hi! yi!" yelled Jackie. "What fun! Let's try another!"

"Whoop-de-do!" shouted Peetie. "Of course we will! This is great!"

But, just as they were going to pull another pillow apart, and scatter the feathers over the grass, if the lady of the house didn't run out with a broom and cry:

"Scat! Scat! You bad doggies, you! Scat, I say!" cried Aunt May.

Well, of course, Peetie and Jackie ran away. They didn't know they had done wrong, and as they hurried home, shedding feathers all the way, Jackie said: "Well, who would have thought it?" And Peetie said he wouldn't, and he added: "I guess there were ducks inside those white things or else chickens, or how could there be so many feathers?" You see they didn't understand pillows. Now the story to-morrow night is going to be about Peetie and Jackie running away; that is, if you have your spelling lesson and if the umbrella man doesn't sew our pussy cat up in the rag bag.

STORY VI

PEETIE AND JACKIE RUN AWAY

Of course, when people do something they ought not to have done, something generally happens, even if it wasn't their fault. That's just the way it was with Peetie and Jackie, after they had pulled the feather pillows apart. That lady of the house, whose name was Aunt May, if any one should ask you, had a terrible job picking up her feathers—I mean the feathers from the pillows—and separating them from the grass.

Well, Peetie and Jackie were scolded by their mamma for tearing the pillows, and they were punished by having only bone soup for supper that night. There was chopped meat cakes with frosting chocolate on, but they couldn't have any dessert you see.

The next morning Jackie and Peetie were not feeling very happy. They thought they had been badly treated; but I don't believe they had. Anyhow, Jackie, as usual, said:

"I say, Peetie, I'm not going to stay here any more."

"What are you going to do?" asked his brother, trying to gnaw through a big log of wood, just to keep in practice. "What are you going to do, Jackie?"

"I'm going to run away," replied Jackie, real cross-like. "I'm going to run off, and be a bad dog. Maybe I'll join a circus, and do tricks. I don't know. Want to come?"

"Where will you run to?" inquired Peetie, rubbing his black nose, on which a fly had alighted to tickle him.

"Nobody knows where they're going to run to when they run away," said Jackie. "They just run, that's all. Maybe if we go away off somewhere, that lady who drove us off the grass with a broom will feel sorry. She had no right to say 'scat' to us. That's only for cats."

"That's right," agreed Peetie. "Well, I'll run away with you. Wait until I tell mamma we're going."

"Oh, no! No, no!" cried Jackie. "You must never tell any one when you're going to run away. It must be a surprise."

"Oh!" spoke Peetie. "I didn't know that. Shall we take our clothes along, and something to eat?"

"Well, it would be better if we did, I s'pose," agreed Jackie, "but if we go in the house mamma will see us, and maybe stop us. No, come on, just as we are."

So those little puppy dogs started off. They didn't know what was going to happen or, perhaps, they wouldn't have gone. But you never can tell in this world what's going to happen the next minute; can you?

On and on Peetie and Jackie went, over hills and down dales, and through woods, until they came to a dark, dreary, dismal sort of a place, and they heard a noise.

"What's that?" whispered Jackie.

"Maybe it's a bear," said Peetie, and he trembled so that he fell down and bumped his nose. But it wasn't a bear. It was only good, kind Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy going to market. When he saw the puppy dogs she asked:

"Where are you going?"

"We are running away," answered Peetie.

"Aw, you shouldn't have told," cried Jackie, pulling his brother into the bushes. "Now she'll tell folks where we are."

"Oh! no, I won't," said Miss Fuzzy-Wuzzy. "You may run away if you like. I guess you'll be glad enough to run back again. It may be a good lesson for you."

"We'll never come back," spoke Jackie, firmly; "never, never, never!"

Then they went on farther, and soon they were in a deeper, darker, lonesomer part of the woods, and they began to be the least bit afraid. They heard strange noises, and they couldn't tell what the noises were. Then they got hungry, but there wasn't anything to eat in the woods, and Peetie began to wish he hadn't run quite so far .

"Do you know the way home?" asked Peetie of Jackie.

"Of course not," answered Jackie. "No one ever knows the path back home when he runs away. What would be the fun of running if you could go back? No, we can't find our home, and we're lost, and I'm glad of it."

"I'm not; I'm hungry," cried Peetie. "I wish I hadn't come with you."

"Don't be a baby," exclaimed Jackie. "I'll take care of you. Maybe we'll find something to eat very shortly now. Don't cry, Peetie," and he tried to comfort his brother as well as he could.

Well, they kept on, getting deeper and deeper in the woods, and it was so still and quiet that you could hear the leaves rustle. Oh, it was very quiet. Then, all at once, there was a queer sort of a noise in the trees, and two great big owls

almost as big as eagles, with big, round, yellow eyes, flew right down at those puppy dogs.

"You take the one with the white spot on his nose," said one owl to the other, "and I'll take the one with the black spot."

"Oh, please don't!" cried Peetie. "Don't hurt us, good Mr. Owls. We never did anything to you!"

"Where are you going through our woods?" asked one owl, stopping from gnashing his sharp beak and from wiggling his long claws. "Where are you going, I ask?"

"We are running away!" cried Peetie, who always told the truth, no matter what happened.

"Ah, ha! I thought so!" cried the other owl, opening his eyes wider than ever. "Runaway puppy dogs, eh? Well, we always bite and scratch runaway puppies, and that's what we're going to do to you now!"

Well, you can just imagine what a terrible position it was for those two poor puppy dogs to be in. Only that they got out of it in a wonderful way I'd never tell you about it.

The two owls came closer and closer to the doggies and were just going to fly at them and scratch them and bite them, too, when, all at once, as quickly as a frog can jump, Billie and Johnnie Bushytail leaped down out of a

tall tree right on the backs of those two bad owls, and they frightened the ugly birds so that they were glad to fly away and not bother the doggies any more.

Then the two squirrel boys took care of Peetie and Jackie, who, by this time, were quite ready to run home. But as it was late and getting dark, they wouldn't have had time to get home that night. So they stayed in an old burrow where the Littletail rabbit family used to live, and the kind fish-hawk took word of where they were to their papa and mamma, saying that Peetie and Jackie would be home in the morning and for their folks not to worry.

So that's how the puppy dogs ran away, and I've got another story to tell you about them tomorrow night if it doesn't snow ice cream cones and pop corn balls, with toy balloons for decorations. It will be about how Jackie found a bone.

STORY VII

HOW JACKIE FOUND A BONE

Peetie and Jackie Bow Bow didn't sleep very well in the old burrow, or underground house, where the Littletail rabbit family used to live before they moved next door to Bully, the frog. But it was better than being out in the cold, dark woods, and the two puppy dogs knew this.

"Are you going to run away again?" asked Peetie of Jackie, just as he was falling asleep.

"No," answered Jackie, "I never am. Are you?"

"No, in——," Peetie started to say, but he couldn't finish the sentence. You see, he was going to say, "No, indeed," but he fell right asleep. Well, the night was finally over, though Jackie and Peetie didn't rest very comfortably. In the morning Johnnie and Billie Bushytail came to the burrow quite early and showed the doggies the path home, for the squirrels knew their way all through the woods.

"Oh! you can't imagine how worried I have

been about you!" cried Mrs. Bow Wow, when her two little boy dogs came slippering, slappering in, falling down three times each. "If it hadn't been that the kind fish hawk brought word where you were, I don't know what I would have done."

"Will you forgive us, mamma?" asked Peetie. "We'll never run away again," and he cried a little, and Jackie cried a little, and Mrs. Bow Wow cried a little. But she forgave them.

"Where is papa?" asked Jackie, for he thought he and Peetie might get a little scolding, not much of a one, though, from his father.

"I am very sorry to say that your father is not feeling well," said Mrs. Bow Wow. "He came home from work with a headache, and he is in bed now, with a mustard plaster on his nose. His nose is hot, and I want to draw the fever out."

You know, children, when a dog's or a cat's nose is hot, instead of cold, it means that they are sick, just as when the doctor puts the thermometer under your tongue, to see if you are too warm and have a fever.

Well, Jackie and Peetie felt sorry that their papa was ill, and they went in to see him. He could not say much because of the mustard plaster on his nose, but he nodded kindly at them.

LOUIS
WIGA

"Would you like a nice, juicy bone?" asked Jackie, and his papa moved his head three times, to show that he would dearly love a bone. "All right, I'll get it," went on Jackie. So, after he had eaten his breakfast, and when Peetie had gone to the store for some dog biscuits for dinner, Jackie started off to find a nice, juicy bone.

Now nice bones, that will do for a sick dog whose nose is hot, are not so easy to find as you might suppose. Jackie looked everywhere for one, for his papa, but he couldn't seem to discover any. He looked under the woodpile and back of the henhouse, and near the rainwater barrel, and down the road, but not a bone could he see. Of course, there were some old ones, but not the kind that would do for a sick papa.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Jackie, "I'm afraid I can't find it!" But he wasn't going to give up just yet, so he hunted on a little farther. Then, all at once, just as he was walking along, he fell down. He couldn't help it, as he stumbled over a stick. When he picked himself up whom should he see but Grandfather Goosey-Gander.

"Ha!" exclaimed the old gentleman duck. "Where are you going?"

"I am looking for a bone for my papa," answered Jackie, "but I can't seem to find any. Do you know where there is one?"

"Let me think," spoke Grandfather Goosey-Gander, and he took off his tall, shiny, silk hat, the one that Jimmie Wibblewobble once threw a stone through, and the same one that the darning needle and the spider mended. "I can think better with my hat off," said the old gentleman duck. Then he cried: "Quack, quack, quack!" three times, just like that, which showed that he was thinking very hard. Oh, my, yes, and a piece of lemon pie besides!

Then he exclaimed: "I believe if you walk over that way you'll find a nice, juicy bone," and the old gentleman duck pointed over his left shoulder with his right wing. "I'll go with you," he added, "and help you."

Well, now, if Jackie didn't have the best kind of luck! He and Grandfather Goosey-Gander hadn't gone on more than the length of seven quacks and three barks, before they saw a fine, big bone.

"Oh, that will be just the thing for my papa!" cried Jackie.

But, too bad! When he tried to lift it, he found it was so heavy, and stuck so far down in the ground, that he couldn't budge it. Then he tried to wiggle it up with all his strength but he couldn't pull it. Then the old duck said:

"I'll help you," but even with the aid of

Grandfather Goosey-Gander, Jackie couldn't move that bone. They pulled and they shoved, and they tugged and they twisted, but the bone was too big. Just then along came Uncle Wiggily Longears and Sammie Littletail, and they tried, but still the bone couldn't be moved out of the hard ground.

"I guess it will have to stay here," said Jackie. "Poor papa can't have any bone to-day."

But they all tried some more, though they couldn't move the bone an inch. Then, gracious goodness! if along didn't come Johnnie and Billie Bushytail and the squirrel boys helped all they could, but still the bone stuck in the ground.

"It's no use," said Uncle Wiggily. "We had better look for a smaller bone."

Well, now, just listen, and see what happens. If at that minute along didn't come Sister Sallie, singing a song about a lolly-pop-lally and going to the barber's shop in the alley, and all that. She saw what the trouble was, right away.

"The bone it too deep down fast in the ground," said Sister Sallie. "Sammie, you and Uncle Wiggily must dig it out."

So the two rabbits, with their strong feet, scraped the dirt away and almost dug out the bone. "Now," said Sister Sallie, "there needs to be a hole gnawed in the bone, so we can put a

string through it and drag it along. Billie, you and Johnnie gnaw the hole," so the squirrels did it in less than no time.

Then Sister Sallie put in the hole, a strong string, made out of grass, and everybody took hold of it, and they pulled, one, two, three, and presto chango! along the bone slid out on the ground, just as easy as you can fall off the front porch, and it was dragged to Mr. Bow Wow's house, Jackie helping more than any one. And the funny part of it was, that as soon as the puppy dog's papa gnawed the bone, he got well, right off. Now wasn't that good?

Well, now let's see; oh, in case I don't get hit by a shooting star that knocks a hole in my hat, I'll tell you to-morrow night about Peetie and the frog.

STORY VIII

PEETIE AND THE FROG.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, but not so many years that you couldn't count them, even if you are only in the kindergarten class, Peetie Bow Wow was out walking in the woods. He was all alone, for his brother Jackie had gone to play ball with Jimmie Wibblewobble the duck boy. Well, Peetie was sort of walking slowly along, so as not to fall down, for he wasn't very steady on his legs, and he came to a place where there were some beautiful posies.

"I guess I'll pick a nice bouquet of flowers," he thought. "I'll take them home and put them in a vase on the mantelpiece in our kennel," for you know Mrs. Bow Wow was very particular, even if she was only a doggie's mamma, and she kept the kennel as neat as beeswax and honey besides.

So Peetie started to pick a nice big blue violet that was growing right beside a clump of ferns, when, all at once, he heard a voice calling:

"Here! Let that flower alone!"

Well, honestly, Peetie jumped so, in surprise, that he fell right over backwards, and almost bumped his black-spotted nose on a stone. Then he got up, and he looked all around and he couldn't see who had called to him. Then he looked up toward the sky, and still he couldn't see any one, then he looked around the corner of a stump, and still he couldn't see a living soul. He was quite puzzled.

"I guess I must have dreamed that," he said.

Then the puppy dog started to pick some more flowers, and he was just reaching for a purple violet, when, once more he heard the voice calling to him:

"Hi, there! You let that flower alone!"

This time Peetie jumped so hard that he turned a complete somersault, just like the clown in the circus, only different, of course, because you see a clown only has two legs.

Well, up jumped Peetie, and he looked to the right and he looked to the left and he looked seven ways from Sunday, and all the week days besides, but mind you, he couldn't see a single mite of a person. It was all still and quiet-like, just as it is in church before anything happens, or anyone talks out loud.

"That's funny," said Peetie. "'I'm sure I

heard some one speak, and yet no one is here. Maybe it's a fairy, the kind Sammie Littletail saw," he added, and he felt quite delighted until he remembered that the fairies had gone away for a long time. So he started to pick some more flowers, and just as he was reaching for a dog-tooth violet, which was his special kind, he heard the queer voice calling again:

"Hold on there, puppy dog! Don't you pick that flower!"

"Well, I'm going to find out who this is hollering at me!" cried Peetie, and he shook his head, and put his legs still wider apart to prevent himself from toppling over. "This is certainly a queer thing; having some one call to you to stop picking flowers in the woods, and you can't see who it is," he added.

So Peetie looked all around, up, and down, high and low, sideways, crossways and through the middle, but not a soul could he discover.

"I don't believe it was any one at all," he said aloud.

"Yes it was!" cried a voice, right over his head, and Peetie looked suddenly up, and lo! and behold, if there wasn't a little green frog, peering down at him from out of a Jack-in-the-pulpit. You know what Jack-in-the-pulpits are, I dare say; a long green sort of flower that grows

in the woods, and it looks like a pulpit that some ministers preach from. Well, there was the frog in it. "Hello!" cried the frog to Peetie, real pleasant-like. "Did I surprise you?" and the frog smiled a real, wide smile, almost around to his ears.

"Yes," replied Peetie, "you did surprise me considerable. What are you doing up there?"

"I'm taking my bath," answered the frog.

"Your bath? Nonsense!" cried Peetie. "You can't take a bath in that. Besides, this isn't Saturday night."

"I know it isn't Saturday night," admitted the frog, "but I take a bath every day. As for not being able to do it in this Jack-in-the-pulpit, I'll prove to you that I can." Then, before Peetie knew what was happening, the frog splashed some water from inside the deep flower, which was shaped something like a pitcher, right into Peetie's eye. "Now do you believe I'm taking a bath?" asked the frog.

"Yes," said Peetie, "I do. But how did the water get in there?"

"It rained in," replied the frog. "Some one left the top of the Jack-in-the-pulpit open, and it just fell in; the water did. I'm glad of it, for I like to bathe here better than in the pond. But I'm all done now. My name is—"

"I know, it's Bully! I've heard about you!" interrupted Peetie.

"No," answered the frog, "my name is Bawly. They called me that because when I was a baby frog I used to cry so much. I'm Bully's brother, you see. But wouldn't you like to take a bath in here?" And he jumped out of the Jack-in-the-pulpit and stood close to Peetie on the mossy ground.

"I would, only I'm afraid I'm too big to fit in that bath tub," replied the puppy dog.

"So you are," decided Bawly, the frog, after looking at Peetie very carefully. "But I think I can arrange it. Let me think for a moment," and to make himself think better he recited this little verse:

"There once was a doggie who wanted a bath.
This doggie his name was Rover.
The tub was so high, he couldn't reach up,
But a froggie helped tip it over."

"But my name isn't Rover," objected Peetie. "Though that's a very nice verse."

"No matter," said the frog. "Here we go!"

And with that he tipped over the Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the water all spilled out on Peetie, giving the puppy dog the finest bath he had ever

had, even if it wasn't Saturday night, when he usually had his wash.

Peetie felt fine, after he had shaken himself to get dry, for he had no towel. Then Bawly said he was only in fun when he had called about not picking the flowers, and he said Peetie could take as many as he wanted.

Then the froggie and the doggie had a fine time, playing stump tag, and a game called hide-the-bone, at which Peetie won every time, because he could smell a juicy bone a long way off. But it was now time for Peetie to go home, so he gathered some flowers, Bawly helping him, and ran to the kennel, getting there just as supper was ready.

Bawly went on to his pond, and to-morrow night, provided I have strawberry shortcake for supper, and the baby doesn't stick her rattle box in the glass of water, I'll tell you about a picnic to which the Bow Wows went.

STORY IX

JACKIE AND PEETIE AT A PICNIC

One fine day, when the sun was shining as bright as a new penny, or a five-dollar goldpiece, if you ever had that much money at once, Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow came running up to the kennel where their mamma was mixing the dough to make some dog and puppy biscuit. The two little Bow Wows were all excited, and Jackie fell down three times, and Peetie fell down four times, as they ran up.

"My! what is the matter?" cried their mamma, as she came to the door of the kennel-house, with her paws all dough. "Is the duck pond on fire?" she asked, "or has Uncle Wiggily Longears fallen down and hurt himself?"

"Neither one, mamma," answered Jackie, as he got up and brushed the dust off his nose, "but there's going to be a picnic and we want to go, Peetie and I. May we?"

"A picnic? Where is it going to be?" asked Mrs. Bow Wow.

"Away off in the woods," replied Peetie. "Jimmie and Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble the ducks are going, and so are Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and Sister Sallie, and Sammie and Susie Littletail, and Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, and everybody you can think of. Can't we go?"

"Did anybody invite you?" asked their mother.

"Oh, yes! Alice Wibblewobble did. She is very kind," spoke Jackie. "She told us to bring our lunch and stay all day in the woods.

"Yes, I s'pose you can go," answered Mamma Bow Wow as she took some dough off her left paw, and put it on her right paw. "But you must come in and wash your paws and faces and comb your hair and put on your other clothes. You be getting ready, and I'll put up the lunch."

So the two little boy dogs began to get ready for the picnic, and they washed their faces and paws more quickly than they had ever done before, I can tell you. Oh, my, yes! Well, when their mother had their lunch put up she called to them that it was all ready. Let me see, there were some nice juicy bones, some meat and bread, some sweet crackers, pieces of puppy biscuit and some bottles of milk—a very fine lunch, I think, myself.

"Come on, Jackie," called Peetie, who was

ready first, and he ran to the front door of the kennel. "Come on, or we'll be late."

But what do you think happened? Jackie couldn't find his cap. He was always leaving it in places where he couldn't find it. Sometimes it was on the floor, sometimes under the hatrack, sometimes behind the door, and often under the table. In fact, it was seldom where it ought to be.

"Has anybody seen my cap?" asked Jackie, as he looked all around for it.

"Oh, come on!" cried Peetie. "I just saw Jimmie Wibblewobble going, and here come Sammie Littletail and Susie."

Then Jackie hunted faster than ever for his cap, but he couldn't find it. Then his mother helped him look, and so did Peetie, and finally the cap was found on a chair, under a lot of clothes, just where Jackie had carelessly tossed it. Well, the two puppy dogs then hurried off through the woods to the picnic.

"Now we'll be late, and it's all your fault," said Peetie, as they walked along.

"I couldn't help it," declared Jackie. "I won't lose my cap again."

On and on they went through the woods, but they didn't see any of their friends, because all the animal children had all gone to the picnic

some time before. The two puppy dogs were late and they hurried as fast as they could.

Well, in the meanwhile, Lulu and Alice and Jimmie and Billie and Johnnie and all the rest were having a fine time in the woods. They played all sorts of games, and they wondered why Peetie and Jackie didn't come. But you just wait; the puppy dogs will soon arrive, and just in time to do a very brave act, too. Just wait, that's all I ask of you.

When it came dinner time, the picnic party got ready to eat. They spread out on the ground the nice things they had brought in their baskets, and they were just going to start, when all of a sudden, right out from the bushes jumped two bad foxes.

Oh, what bad foxes they were! One of them stepped right in the butter and the other one knocked over the pitcher of milk with his left foot and upset the plate of bread with his right foot.

"Ha! Ha!" cried the fox limping around with his foot in the butter. "We are just in time! I thought we smelled something good to eat!"

"To be sure we did," answered the other fox, and he looked right at Alice Wibblewobble, and smacked his lips in a truly savage manner.

"What do you foxes want here?" cried Grand-

father Goosey-Gander. "Take your foot out of that butter instantly; do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you," answered the fox, and just to be mean he put his other foot in the butter and jiggled himself up and down.

"Get out of here!" cried Grandpa Wibble-wobble, real brave-like. "Get away at once, or we'll make you go."

"Ha! ha! I'd like to see you!" cried the fox with his two feet in the butter. "We came here to eat you rabbits and you squirrels and you ducks all up! All up, I say!" and he gnashed his teeth and smacked his lips something terrible.

Then all the picnic folks began to shiver and to shake, and Alice and Lulu Wibblewobble cried, and it looked as if that picnic was going to be broken completely up, for the foxes got all ready to make a fine meal, when all at once, what should happen, but that along came Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow.

They had just reached the picnic ground, for they were late, you know, and it's a good thing they came just then. Without saying a word, they dropped their lunch baskets, and with two terrific, extraordinary and double-jointed growls, meanwhile gnashing their sharp teeth, they bravely sprang at those impudent foxes!

Right at them they sprang, these brave puppy

dogs did and Jackie bit the fox that had put his feet in the butter, and Pettie bit the one who had upset the milk, and land sakes, goodness me alive! if those foxes didn't give two separate and distinct howls, and run right away!

Then when the excitement was over, the picnic went right on, as if nothing had happened; but every one was very thankful to Jackie and Peetie. The puppy dogs had a fine time, and they were sorry when the picnic was over. But of course it had to stop when it got dark.

Now, to-morrow night, if you eat up all your oatmeal at breakfast, and don't drop your roller skates down stairs, and awaken the baby's rubber ball, I'm going to tell you about Peetie and the hen's eggs.

STORY X

PEETIE AND THE HEN'S EGGS

Let's see, I believe I promised to tell you tonight about the elephant who stepped on a tack; didn't I? Well, this elephant—eh? what's that? Not an elephant story? Oh, of course not! How careless of me! I remember now, it was to be about Peetie and the hen's eggs. Surely. But I've got an elephant story to tell you some time.

Well, to start all over again. You see Peetie and Jackie had such a fine time at the picnic, where they scared away those two bad foxes, that they wanted to go to another one the next day; only there wasn't any.

"I know what we'll do," suggested Jackie to his brother, "we'll go in the barn and play hide and seek. It'll be lots of fun."

So they scampered off to the barn, and, would you believe me, neither of those puppy dogs fell down a single time! Really, that's a fact! Oh, they were getting to be pretty firm on their legs; perhaps when they thought of how brave they

were, to scare off the bad foxes, that helped them to stand up straight.

Well, Jackie shut his eyes, and began to count up to a hundred barks, while Peetie ran off and hid. And where do you suppose he hid. Why, he scrambled up on top of a pile of hay, and burrowed deep down in it, until only the black spot on his nose showed, and that not very much.

"Ready or not, I'm coming!" cried Jackie, when he had counted up to the hundred, and then he began to hunt for Peetie.

It was just like the time Jackie hid in the rubber boot, and Peetie couldn't find him anywhere, though he sniffed all about. This time Jackie hunted, and he looked under the mowing machine, which is like a sewing machine, only it cuts the hay and the oats that the farmer sows, while a sewing machine sews the things that your mamma cuts out—bibs for baby and aprons and things like those.

Well, Jackie looked under that machine and in the oat bin, and in the feedbox and all over, but he couldn't find Peetie. Then the other little puppy dog, who didn't want his brother to get tired searching for him called out:

"Here I am, Jackie, on top of the hay," and then Peetie scrambled out of the little nest he had made and slid down the smooth side of the

hay. Down he went, ker-thump! on the barn floor.

"Why, that's a regular toboggan slide!" cried Jackie, when he saw what his brother had done. "That's more fun than playing hide and seek. Let's slide on the hay."

So they slid on the hay. They would climb up to the top of the pile, stick their legs out in front of them—that is, their front legs—for their back legs they had to stick out in back, and down they would go.

"Whoop-de-diddle-dum!" cried Peetie, he was so excited. "Isn't this fun?"

"Hi-di-diddle-o-dee! I should say it was!" cried Jackie, and when he went down that time he turned two complete somersaults, he felt so happy. Well, those puppy dogs played in the hay for some time, and then, all at once, Peetie called out: "I'm going to slide down the other side."

"All right," answered Jackie, "I'll slide with you." But before Jackie could come to where his brother was, Peetie had slid down on the other side of the hay pile, while Jackie stayed on top, waiting to see how smooth it was.

It was smooth, all right! Oh, yes, very smooth, indeed! Much smoother than on the first side. Down and down slid Peetie, faster

and faster, and all of a sudden he came to the bottom, and landed plump into a big nest of hen's eggs!

Right into them he crashed, with all four feet, smash, bang, ker-splosh-splash, cracking the shells, scattering the whites and yellows all over, and then right into the mess fell poor Peetie himself until he looked just like the omlet that cook makes for breakfast. Oh, but Peetie was a sight. Such a sight!

There was the yolk of an egg in one eye, the white of an egg in the other eye, and his two front feet were fast in egg shells, and there was even one shell on his tail, and his fur was all streaked with white and yellow.

I guess he must have broken about fifteen eggs altogether.

"Oh, dear!" cried Peetie, sorrowfully, just like that. "Oh, dear!"

"Well, what in the world happened?" asked Jackie, who hadn't yet slid down.

"I—I guess I must have fallen into a hen's nest, where she was hatching the eggs," spoke Peetie. "Yes, that's what I did," he added, as he looked at the mess all around. "I fell in the nest."

"Fell in the nest; I should say you did!" cried an angry voice right behind him, and when

Peetie turned around there stood Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, the hen.

"Well, of all the inexhaustible tricks I ever heard of, this is the most contemporaneous!" cried Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, who could use very long words at times. "The very idea! Those eggs that I expected to hatch little chickens out of are all spoiled, and I only began setting on them yesterday! Oh, how perfectly preposterous! Oh! Oh! Oh! Why did you do it?"

"I—I didn't mean to, please ma'am," whimpered Peetie, as he wiped some yellow from an egg off the black spot on his nose. "It was an accident when I slid down. I slid on the wrong side of the hay!"

"I should say you did," lamented Mrs. Cluck-Cluck. "Oh, my lovely eggs! All ruined! Every one!"

"Oh, what a terrible mess!" murmured Jackie, looking down at his brother in the broken eggs. "Oh, what a terrible mess!"

"You needn't talk!" remarked Peetie, removing some white of an egg from his left ear. "You came near going in them yourself?"

"Well, all I've got to say," went on Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, "is that you puppy dogs will have to get some new eggs for me to hatch; that's all."

"We will!" cried Peetie, as he waggled his tail,

to get rid of the egg shell that was sticking to it. "We'll get you some at once!"

Then Jackie and Peetie ran home, glad that Mrs. Cluck-Cluck hadn't been any crosser to them, and on the way Peetie fell in the duck pond, which was a good thing, for it washed him clean. Then he saw Mrs. Wibblewobble, and told her of the terrible accident of smashing the eggs.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll give you some new eggs for Mrs. Cluck-Cluck." Which she did, only they were ducks' eggs, and not chickens' eggs, and Mrs. Cluck-Cluck hatched out dear little ducklings, and she was terribly surprised when they all went in swimming.

But, of course, you've heard that story, so there's no need of telling it. Now, if I'm not bitten by a grasshopper with pink wings, purple eyes and a gold ring in his nose, I'm going to tell you to-morrow night about Jackie and the golf ball.

STORY XI

JACKIE AND THE GOLF BALL

One day Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow were out in the yard in front of their house, playing tag. After a while they got tired of that, and they were just thinking of some new game, when along came Bawly and Bully, the two frogs. Bawly was the one, you know, who took his bath in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit, even if it wasn't Saturday night.

"Hello!" cried Bawly and Bully at the same time.

"Hello!" answered Jackie and Peetie as quickly as they could. "Where are you going?"

"We are going to have a jumping contest," answered Bully. "Bawly thinks he can jump farther than I, but I do not believe he can. Perhaps you would like to try."

"We are not very good at jumping," answered Peetie. "If you were to have a falling-down race now, we would go in."

"Oh, come on and jump, anyhow," suggested

Bawly; so the two froggies and the two doggies went off to a nice, green field to see who could jump the farthest.

Well, I needn't tell you that the frogs jumped better than did the puppy dogs, for that was perfectly natural, and Bawly jumped as far as did Bully, so there was no telling who was the better at it. Then, when the jumping was all over, they all sat down in the shade of some big burdock leaves to rest.

"What shall we do now?" asked Peetie.

"Let's go in swimming," proposed Bully.

"All right," agreed Jackie. "It is quite hot, and the water will cool us off."

"Before we go in swimming I want to sing a little song," said Bawly. "I learned it last night."

"Oh, I don't want to hear that song again," objected Bully, his brother.

"But this is a new one," answered Bawly, and he sang it, standing up on his hind legs and opening his mouth so wide that you could see away down his throat.

Now, to sing this song properly you have to stand under a burdock leaf, but as that's rather difficult to do in the evening, I have managed to secure permission for you to sing it in your room,

or even in bed, if the baby isn't asleep. Well, this is the song Bawly sang:

"I am a little froggie,
And I sing ker-ring-g-g-ker-rung-g-g!
It is a simple little song,
This one that I've just sung.
I might have sung ta-ra-ta-ree
Perhaps that would be better.
Now when I jump into a pond,
I'm sure I can't get wetter."

And with that Bawly jumped into a pond close at hand. Then he stuck out his head and sung the second verse this way:

"Now if you love a froggie
I'm sure that you'll love me.
For I am just as good a frog
As ever you did see.
Some day I'm going to give a jump.
And go so very high,
I really think that I will go
Right to the bright, blue sky!"

And no sooner had Bawly uttered those words, and looked up toward the clouds than something white came sailing through the air and landed

with a thump close to the burdock leaf where Peetie and Jackie and Bully were.

"My goodness! What's that?" asked Peetie.

"That must be a falling star," said Jackie.

"Stars don't fall in the daytime; only at night," replied Bawly, hopping out of the pond to look at the object that had fallen so mysteriously from the sky. It was something round and white, about as big as a little orange; a very little orange, you know.

"Maybe some one threw that at Bawly for singing," suggested Bully.

"I don't see any one," answered Peetie. "I guess that's a stone, that a bad boy threw at a bird."

"No, it's not a stone," was Jackie's opinion, as he went up and smelled of it. Then they all looked at it, and Bully cried out:

"Oh, I know what it is! That's a golf ball. It's a ball that men knock around a field with clubs, to get it out of their way, and then they hire a boy to hunt for it so they can knock it some more. It's a game, golf is; and I remember now there's a place around here where men play it. This must be one of the balls they knocked so far that they couldn't find it again."

"Is a golf ball good to eat?" asked Jackie, who was hungry.

"I don't believe so," answered Bawly, doubtfully.

"Well, I'm going to try," spoke Jackie, and he opened his mouth, and took hold of that golf ball, and bit as hard as he could. Now Jackie had sharp teeth and strong jaws, and that golf ball was made of rubber. It had once been hard, but it had been in the hot sun, and had become soft. So, no sooner did Jackie bite on it, than his teeth sank away in, and a queer expression came over his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Peetie.

"Um-blub-mum-dug-ugh-flug-plub-slub!" exclaimed Jackie, for you see he couldn't get his mouth open so that he could talk plainly.

Then Peetie became frightened, and so did Bawly and Bully, for they saw right away what the matter was with Jackie.

"Try to open your mouth," cried Peetie. "Try real hard, Jackie, or maybe your jaws will grow together, shut tight, and you can't ever eat again."

Well, poor Jackie tried with all his might, but he couldn't get his teeth out of that golf ball any more than you can get up out of a chair after you sit on it when baby has left a whole lot of molasses candy in it.

Jackie tried and he tried, and he squirmed

around, and he stood on his head, and he stood on his tail, and he rolled over and over, but it did no good. He couldn't get his teeth loose from that golf ball.

"We will have to help him," said Bawly. "Bully, you take hold of his upper jaw, and I'll take hold of his lower jaw, and we'll pull his mouth open."

So the two froggies did this, while Peetie looked on and wagged his tail to help them. Bawly and Bully pulled, and they pulled, and they pulled, and all of a sudden Jackie's jaws came open with a snap and the golf ball rolled out.

"My! I'll never bite one of them again, no matter how hungry I am," declared Jackie; and he never did. Then they all went off and had a game of tag.

Now I'm not quite sure, but I think that if you answer everybody politely tomorrow, and don't spill your ice cream on the policeman's newly polished shoes, I'll tell you tomorrow night about the Bow Wows and the lost doggie.

STORY XII

FINDING A LOST DOGGIE

"Let's go out in the woods," said Jackie to Peetie, one day.

"What for?" inquired the doggie with the black spot on his nose.

"Just for fun," replied Jackie.

"I'm having fun here," went on Peetie, turning over a nice, juicy bone he was gnawing, so as to get at the other side. "This is fun enough for me."

"Oh, come on in the woods," said Jackie again. "Maybe we will meet with an adventure."

"All right," agreed Peetie, "wait until I hide this bone," and he dug a hole, and in it he put the bone. Just as the two puppy dogs were wobbling off toward the woods, their papa came home.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked.

"We're going off in search of an adventure," answered Peetie, who, as I told you before, always spoke the truth, no matter what happened.

"Humph!" exclaimed Mr. Bow Wow, "take care that an adventure doesn't get you," and then he smiled at his two children and went to the kennel, for that day he had come home early from the dog biscuit factory, where he worked, so that he might help his wife put new, clean straw in the kennel house. "Now, be good boys," called Mr. Bow Wow to Peetie and Jackie, "and come home early for supper."

So Peetie and Jackie started off, and they had no idea of what was going to happen to them.

Well, they walked on for quite a way, and Peetie fell down only once, and Jackie didn't fall down at all, which was pretty good, I think. Oh my, yes, and some vinegar and brown paper besides!

Suddenly, as the two puppy dogs were walking along, they heard a noise in the bushes.

"What's that?" whispered Peetie, crouching down in some ferns.

"I don't know," answered Jackie. "Maybe it's a fox!"

Then the crackling in the bushes got louder, and something big seemed coming closer to the two doggies, and, all at once, who should appear but Aunt Lettie, the old lady goat, who once paid a visit to the Wibblewobbles.

"Why, my dear puppy dogs! How do you do?" she exclaimed. "How is your mamma?"

"She is pretty well," answered Jackie. "We thought you were a fox. Are you going to see our mamma?"

"No, I was going to call on Mrs. Goosey-Gander, but I'll come and see you some day," and with that Aunt Lettie went on through the woods.

Well, Jackie and Peetie resumed their walk, in search of an adventure, and they hadn't gone very far before they heard another noise. This time it was a crying, whining sort of a noise, and Peetie exclaimed:

"I believe that's some of those bad owls, Jackie."

"Maybe it is," agreed Jackie. "I guess we'd better go back home, and look for an adventure another day." They were just turning around, when out from the bushes stepped a poor, little doggie, not half so big as Peetie, and Peetie was small enough to go in a rubber boot leg you remember.

"Was that you crying?" asked Jackie of the doggie.

"It was," answered the doggie. "Listen and I will cry some more, to show you that I did it the first time." Then he cried again: "Boo-

hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" just like that three times, and stopped.

"But why are you crying?" asked Jackie. "Did you step on a thorn or a piece of glass?"

"No, I'm crying because I'm lost," answered the doggie. "Shall I cry some more?"

"Where do you live?" inquired Peetie. "Tell us before you cry any more."

"I live in a kennel house with some straw in it," replied the lost doggie. "Oh! dear. Hoo-boo! Hoo-boo! Hoo-boo!" You see, he cried backward that time, but it was all the same. "I went for a walk," he whimpered, "and I got lost, and I can't find any policeman."

"What do you want with a policeman?" asked Jackie.

"Oh! my mamma always said if I got lost to go to a policeman at once, and he would take me home," went on the doggie. "But I can't find any, Hoo-boo-lu-boo-lu!" And he cried frontward and backward this time.

"Don't cry," spoke Jackie kindly. "We will help you find your home. What is your name?"

"My name is Wig-Wag," answered the lost doggie, "and I'm called that because I can wig-wag my tail."

"Oh! we can do that also," spoke Peetie. "But

come on, we will try to find your kennel-house for you."

So the two puppies helped the lost doggie to dry his tears on some soft grass, and then they started off with him. Well, they looked this way, and they looked that way, and all around, besides up and down and criss-cross, but they couldn't find Wig-Wag's home.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lost doggie, "I'll never see my mamma again!"

Then Peetie and Jackie hunted harder than ever for the lost doggie's house, but it wasn't to be found. And they had a terrible time.

They fell in a mud puddle all three of them, and a big snake chased them, and an owl hooted at them, and a big bird tried to swoop down and grab them, and a fox snapped his teeth at them, and an immense rat tried to nip poor Wig-Wag, but Peetie and Jackie took good care of him.

Well, they hunted and hunted and hunted until they were very weary, but they couldn't find where the lost doggie lived. Then Jackie said:

"We will take you to our kennel-house, Wig-Wag, and keep you there until your folks come for you."

So Jackie and Peetie started for their house, and now listen, I'm not exaggerating a bit: No sooner had they come in sight of their kennel,

than Peetie and Jackie saw their mamma and papa talking to a strange dog, and Wig-Wag cried out:

"Oh, there's my mamma! There's my mamma! There she is!" and he ran right to her, falling down seven times, he was so excited.

And it was his mamma, sure enough. She had missed her little boy dog and had come in search of him, and one of the places she went to was Mrs. Bow Wow's house. And, oh, how glad Wig-Wag was, and how glad his mother was, I can tell you! Then Wig-Wag and his mamma had supper at Peetie's and Jackie's house before they started home, and Wig-Wag promised never to get lost again.

Now, let me think. Oh, the story tomorrow night will be about Jackie in a basket. That is, if my cat doesn't scratch me and bite a hole in my umbrella so the snow rains in.

STORY XIII

JACKIE IN A BASKET

Well, I'm glad to say that the cat didn't scratch me yesterday, nor even bite a hole in the fire shovel, though he has very sharp claws. His name is Dick, and he can shut both eyes. Now about the story of Jackie in a basket.

One day, when Jackie and Peetie were playing around in the yard, in front of the kennel, Jackie fell down, and stubbed his nose with the white spot on it. When he got up, and the tears were all done coming out of his eyes, for he cried a little, he saw Peetie looking at something yellow on the ground. It looked somewhat like maple sugar.

"What's that?" asked Jackie.

"I don't know," answered Peetie. "But I'll soon find out. I'm going to bite it," which he did, taking a good, big bite.

"Well, what is it?" asked Jackie, as he saw his brother making some funny faces.

"I don't know," replied Peetie, "but it tastes

rather odd, to say the least. I don't believe that I exactly like it."

"Let me try," suggested Jackie, and he also took a big bite. Oh, I guess it must have been as big as a bite I once saw a boy take from another boy's apple.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Peetie, as he saw Jackie making two funny faces, one right after the other.

"It tastes just like some kind of whooping cough medicine," replied Jackie. Just then Mrs. Bow Wow came to the door of the kennel-house, and when she saw what it was that the puppy dogs were chewing on, she cried out:

"Oh, you foolish little dogs! Why, that is a cake of yellow soap! Leave it alone, sillies! It will make you ill!"

"Bur-r-r-r!" exclaimed Jackie, sort of shivering, "what did you want to make me bite it for, Peetie?"

"I didn't make you," answered Peetie, trying to get the taste of soap out of his mouth. "You did it yourself. But now I suppose I'll get chicken pox, or measles, or something like that."

And, sure enough, it wasn't a week after that before Peetie was taken dreadfully ill. He had a high fever, and his nose was hot, and his papa and mamma had to get up in the middle of the

night, to give him medicine. But he didn't get any better, and so Mrs. Bow Wow said:

"I think, papa, you will have to go for Dr. Possum in the morning. And, in case Peetie should have something catching, like mumps, or the whooping cough, we had better put Jackie in another room. Then, maybe, he won't get it."

So they put Jackie in another room, away from his brother, and when it was daylight, Dr. Possum came.

"Ah, ha! Ah, hem!" the doctor exclaimed as he looked right through his glasses at Peetie. "Yes, indeed, he is a very sick boy."

"Was it the soap, doctor?" asked Peetie.

"Ha, hum! I hardly believe it was the soap, and yet it might have been, too," said the doctor carefully. "You have the epizootic in a very bad form. But I can cure you."

"Is it catching, doctor?" asked Mamma Bow Wow.

"It is very catching," said Dr. Possum, as he made Peetie put out his tongue, so he could squint at it. "The epizootic is as catching as fish, and they are very catching, if you know how to catch them. Well, I will leave some medicine, but, mind you, Jackie must not be in the same room with Peetie, nor even in the same kennel.

Then Jackie will not get the epizootic," said Dr. Possum.

So Jackie was taken over to Mrs. Wibble-wobble's house, to stay until Peetie got well.

Now Jackie loved his brother very much, and he felt quite badly when he couldn't see him and play with him; but of course he knew it was best to keep away, and not catch the epizootic, so Jackie didn't make a fuss. But, as the days went on, he grew more and more lonesome, though Alice and Lulu and Jimmie Wibble-wobble were very kind to Jackie, and played all sorts of games with him.

"I just wish I could see Peetie," Jackie said, many times; and he kept thinking of this day after day. But Peetie was in a room on the second floor, and his bed was some distance away from the window, so he couldn't look out and see Jackie, and Jackie could not look up and see Peetie, which was too bad, of course.

At last it got to a point where poor Jackie was almost sick himself, because of not seeing his brother, but no one could think of a way by which he could look in the high window; for Jackie couldn't climb a ladder, you know, and Peetie couldn't be moved downstairs.

Jimmie Wibblewobble, however, being a very

smart little boy duck, exclaimed one day: "I have it! I know how Jackie can see Peetie!"

"How?" asked Lulu.

"We will put him in a basket, and pull him up to the window, and then he can look in and see his brother," spoke Jimmie.

"But how can we pull the basket up to the window?" inquired Alice, as she tied her hair ribbon in a double bow.

"We'll pull it up with a rope," explained Jimmie. "I will get the rope."

"And I'll get the basket," agreed Lulu.

"And I'll help pull it up," promised Alice, as she smoothed down her apron.

But when they had the rope and the basket they were almost as badly off as before, for the ducks couldn't get the rope up high over the top of the kennel-house, so that they might hoist up the basket containing Jackie.

You see, the ducks hadn't thought that they would need a place around which to slip the rope, so it would work up and down, just as a pulley clothes line goes back and forth across the yard. Well, they felt quite badly about it, and Jackie was much disappointed, for he feared he would not see his brother in a long, long time. Then, all at once, Lulu cried out:

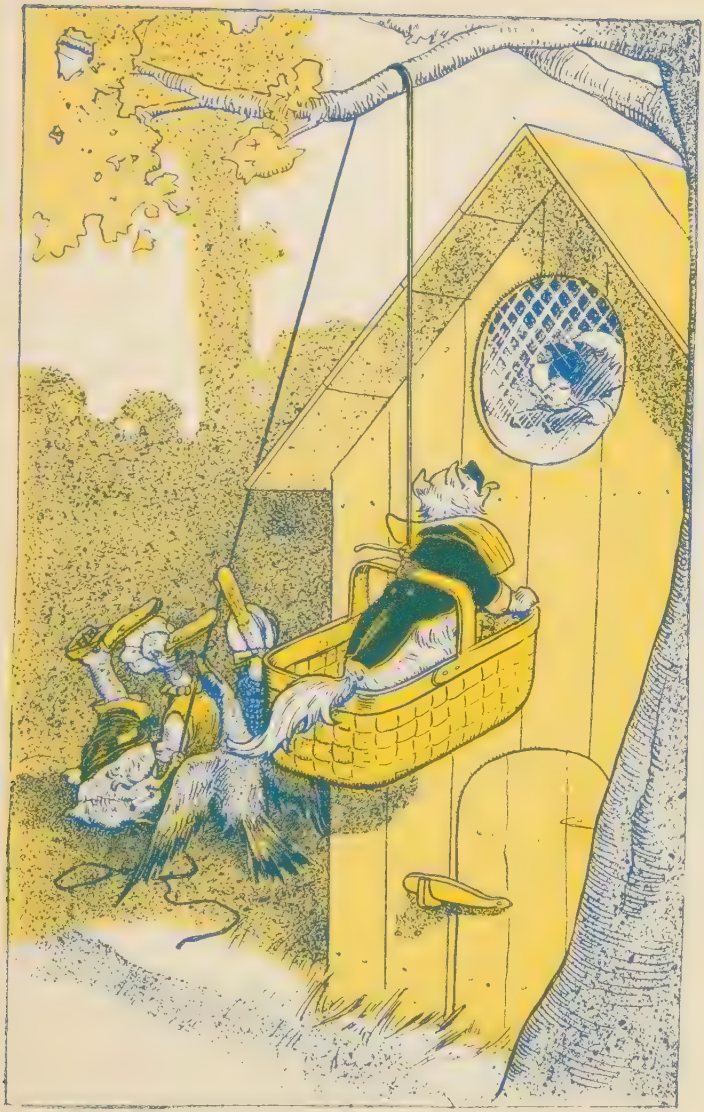
"Oh, I know the very thing! We'll get the

kind fish hawk to fly up with the rope, just as he once flew to the city with Johnnie and Billie Bushytail. The fish hawk will fix the rope for us."

Of course every one thought that a fine plan. So they telephoned for the fish hawk, who came sailing through the air as soon as you can fire a gun, if you know how. He took the rope in his strong beak, and he wasn't more than two flapjacks in putting it around a smooth limb of a tree near the kennel-house, so that it could be pulled up and down like an elevator. Then the basket was tied to the rope, and Jackie got in the basket, and all his friends, including the fish hawk, pulled on the cord, and up he went, like a sky rocket, right to the window of Peetie's room. Then Jackie could look in and he could see Peetie, who suddenly hopped out of bed and stuck his head out of the window. And Peetie and Jackie could speak to each other and there was no danger of Jackie catching the epizootic.

"Well, it wasn't a week after that before Peetie was all well, and could play out with Jackie and his friends. But he never forgot how cleverly Jackie came to see him in the basket.

Now if I don't catch the epizootic myself and sneeze my rubbers off, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie saving Uncle Wiggily's crutch.



STORY XIV

SAVING UNCLE WIGGILY'S CRUTCH

Peetie Bow Wow was feeling pretty well, after getting over the epizootic, and he and Jackie were walking along in the fields back of the kennel-house one day.

"Let's get up a ball game," suggested Jackie.

"Who'll play?" Peetie wanted to know. "You and I can't play a game all by our own selves."

"Maybe Jimmie Wibblewobble will come along, or Sammie Littletail, or Billie and Johnnie Bushytail," suggested Jackie, who was very fond of playing ball. The two puppy dogs waited some time, but none of their friends came along, and, pretty soon, Mrs. Bow Wow called:

"Jackie! Jackie! Come here! I want you to go to the store for me."

"Aw, can't Peetie go?" asked Jackie, lying down and rolling in the dust, in order to scratch his back.

"Oh, Jackie! Get right up out of that dirt this instant!" cried his mamma, who had come

around the corner of the kennel and had seen him. "The idea! With your good jacket and trousers, too! Get right up!"

"Oh, ma, this is clean sand," replied Jackie, as he brushed himself off. "It won't hurt my clothes. Besides my back itched me. But I don't want to go to the store. Let Peetie go."

"No," said Mrs. Bow Wow, "Peetie has been ill, you know, and I don't want him to walk so far in the hot sun. You run on, like a good boy, and get a pound of butter, to spread on the dog and puppy biscuits we shall have for supper to-night, and also get some sweet crackers, and you may eat two crackers on the way home."

Then, whether Jackie felt sorry for Peetie, who had been ill, or whether it was because he could have two sweet crackers, I can't say for sure, but, anyhow, he ran off to the store as fast as he could go, holding the money tightly in his paw.

Well, Peetie, who was left all alone, started down the road, walking slowly. He hadn't gone very far before he heard a rustling in the bushes, and he stopped, short, and looked in under a patch of briars, with both ears cocked up, to see what was coming out. He saw a sharp nose, and two bright eyes, and out jumped a big fox!

"Now I've got you!" cried the fox, and he

was just going to grab Peetie, when who should come down the road, limping on his crutch, but Uncle Wiggily Longears. He, too, saw the bad fox, and he cried out:

"Skedaddle! You run away from here, and let Peetie Bow Wow alone!" and Uncle Wiggily pointed both his ears at the fox so sharply that the bad animal was glad enough to slink back into the bushes, and disappear, for fear the ears would stick right through him. It's a good thing to have sharp ears.

"Oh, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Uncle Wiggily," said Peetie, making a low bow, and almost tumbling over.

"Ha! that is a mere nothing—a trifle," said the old gentleman rabbit. "Come, I will walk along with you, and if any one else tries to harm you I'll hit them with my crutch." You see, the old gentleman rabbit still had his crutch, for, though the red fairy cured him of rheumatism for a time, it came back, because he got his feet wet at a ball game.

So Uncle Wiggily and Peetie walked along and pretty soon, oh, I guess, in about two or three hops, and a couple of barks, they came to a bridge over a little brook. And then, if something unlucky didn't occur! Oh, it's terrible the

way things will sometimes happen in this world, isn't it?

Uncle Wiggily was leaning on his crutch, when, all at once it slipped and went bouncing off the bridge into the water. Right down it went, that nice cornstalk crutch which Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy had gnawed out for Uncle Wiggily; right down, splash!

"Oh, dear!" cried the old rabbit. "There it goes!"

And, surely enough, the crutch was going right down stream like a little boat!

"I know how we can get it!" cried Peetie.

"How?" asked Uncle Wiggily, standing right in the middle of the bridge and jumping up and down like a bouncing rubber ball. You see, he couldn't walk without his crutch. "How will we get it?" he cried.

"Get a rope and throw it after the crutch so the rope will wind around the handle, and then we can pull it out," went on the puppy dog.

"But we haven't any rope," objected Uncle Wiggily.

"That's so," admitted Peetie, scratching his left ear. He hadn't thought of that.

"And the crutch is going farther and farther down the stream!" cried the old rabbit. "Oh, dear! What ever shall I do? I never can walk

without my crutch, and I'll have to stay here until Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy gnaws me out another. Oh, dear! If only a red fairy would come along now, or a pink one, or a blue one, of even a skilligimink colored one; she would save my crutch for me!"

"I'll save it!" cried Peetie.

"How?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'll get a long tree branch and with it I'll poke the crutch up on shore out of the water," answered Peetie.

But when he tried to do that he found that the long tree branch was too heavy for him to lift, and Uncle Wiggily couldn't help him, and so the crutch went drifting farther and farther away.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and he felt so badly that he made his nose twinkle like two stars and a comet on a frosty night.

"Ha!" cried Peetie suddenly, "I have just thought of the best plan to save your crutch!" And he clapped his paws in delight.

"What is it?" asked the old rabbit, and his nose stopped twinkling.

"I will jump in, grap it in my teeth, and swim ashore with it," replied the puppy dog. "I once saw my father bring a long stick ashore that way."

"Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I suppose you should have done that first, but better late than not at all."

So Peetie pulled off his coat and jumped right in that brook. Right in he jumped, and away he swam! It was hard work, for the crutch was drifting farther, and farther, and farther away; but at last the puppy dog managed to grab it, and started to swim back.

This was harder still, but at last Peetie got to shore; and maybe Uncle Wiggily wasn't glad to get his crutch back! He gave Peetie five pieces of chocolate-covered maple sugar; yes, that's what he did! Now if the boys don't throw a baseball through my window and scare the piano into playing a Yankee Doodle tune, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie and Jackie making a swing.

STORY XV

JACKIE AND PEETIE MAKE A SWING

When Jackie got back from the store and learned about his brother Peetie saving Uncle Wiggily's crutch, which was the story I told you last night, why Jackie felt somewhat queer and sad.

"Yes," he said rather peevish-like, "I had to go to the store, and Peetie stayed home, and got some chocolate-covered maple sugar."

"But you had some sweet crackers," said his mamma. "Besides, see what Peetie did; he jumped right in the brook."

"I'd have done it, if I had been there," declared Jackie, rather sorrowful-like. "I wish I had some money to buy some candy with."

"I know how to make money," said Peetie.

"How?" asked Jackie, eagerly.

"We'll get up a show, and charge every one two cents to come in and see us act," went on Peetie. "I'll be a clown, and you can be an elephant, and I'll jump over your back, and pre-

tend to fall down, and you can pretend to step on me, and it will be lots of fun," and Peetie felt so good he gave his brother some of the chocolate-covered maple sugar which Uncle Wiggily had given him.

"Oh, I'd rather be the clown," spoke Jackie. "Besides I can't be an an elephant."

"Why, not?"

"We can't make the elephant's trunk, and it would be a funny looking elephant without a trunk."

"I don't believe you boys had better try to get up a show yet a while," said Mamma Bow Wow. "Some day you may," and, sure enough, one day Peetie and Jackie did, but I'll tell you about that some other time.

"But what can we do, mamma?" asked Peetie.

"Why don't you put up a swing under the old apple tree?" asked Mrs. Bow Wow. "I think that would be nice."

"It will be lots of fun," exclaimed Jackie. "We'll charge every one two cents to swing in it."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said the puppy dogs' mamma. "I'd let my friends swing in it for nothing."

"All right," agreed Jackie, "we will."

"And we can use the rope that Jackie was

hoisted up to my window with, the time I was sick," suggested Peetie.

So the two little doggie boys went out to make their swing, but they had trouble almost the first thing. You see, to make a swing you have to fasten a rope on a high limb of a tree, but as neither Jackie nor Peetie could climb a tree, they couldn't get the rope up.

"What shall we do?" asked Peetie, as he sat down on the ground, and chewed one end of the rope, while Jackie chewed the other end. "I guess we can't make a swing."

"No, I guess not," agreed Jackie. Then who should come along but Uncle Wiggily, limping on the crutch that Peetie had saved from the water.

"What are you doing, boys?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Trying to make a swing," answered Peetie. "Can you climb a tree, and fasten the rope, Uncle Wiggily?"

"No," said the old rabbit. "I can't. Perhaps I might do it if I weren't lame, but, as it is,I can't." Then along came Sammie and Susie Littletail, but they couldn't climb the tree, either.

They all sat and looked first at the rope and then at the apple tree and then at each other, but would you believe me, that didn't do a bit of

good, honestly! The swing was as far off as ever from being made.

Well, in about three quacks, along came Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. They wanted to know what Peetie and Jackie were doing, and when they were told, they said they were sorry, but they couldn't climb a tree, either; though Jimmie once did, but he couldn't get down until the kind fish hawk helped him.

"Well, I guess we'll have to give up the swing," spoke Peetie, sorrowful-like. Then, if along didn't come Bawly and Bully, the twin frogs. But of course they couldn't climb a tree.

"Maybe if I sang a little song it would help," suggested Bawly after a while.

"All right, sing," said Jackie, so Bawly sang this song:

"Swing high, swing low,
Here we are and here we go.
Up, and up, and up we swing,
Now the second verse we'll sing."

Then they all sang this second verse:

"If the rope would kindly now,
Fix itself upon a bough,
We could swing and swing and swing,
Up as high as anything."

They all thought the rope would jump up and fasten itself to the apple tree limb, but it didn't and they were quite disappointed. But wait. Something is going to happen immediately, which is very soon.

Along came Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and Sister Sallie, and as soon as they heard about the swing, and how Peetie and Jackie couldn't get the rope up, if those squirrels didn't take hold of it, and run up the tree with it, and fasten it to a limb in about two frisks of their tails.

Well, there was the rope, all fixed in the tree, and the next minute along came Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy; and with her sharp teeth she gnawed out a board to fit on the rope for them to sit on.

"Oh, what a lovely swing!" cried Alice Wibblewobble. "I think we ought to bring Peetie and Jackie something nice for making it."

They all thought the same thing, so Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, and Sister Sallie brought nuts, and Sammie and Susie Littletail brought cabbage leaves, and turnips and carrots, and the ducks brought cornmeal, and snails, and sweet flagroot, but the funny part of it was that the puppy dogs didn't like any of those things.

But, listen. In his pocket Uncle Wiggily Longears had some more chocolate-covered

maple sugar that he had made, and he gave this to the doggies, who ate it all up, even to the crumbs. Then after each of the animals had eaten the different things they had brought, they all took turns in the swing, going high and low; and they sang again the little song Bawly the frog had taught them, and they swung up as high as "anything," which is very high, indeed. Oh yes, and a circus balloon, colored red, white and blue, besides. Oh! they had a grand time; and I wish you could have been there.

Now, listen once more: Tomorrow night, if none of you is bitten by a butterfly with rings on its fingers and bells on its toes, I'll tell you about Peetie and Jackie giving a show.

STORY XVI

PEETIE AND JACKIE GIVE A SHOW

None of you was bitten by a butterfly last night, I'm glad to say, or at least, if you were I did not hear about it. So I can tell you the story of how Jackie and Peetie gave a show. It happened this way:

The two little puppy dogs were out playing in front of the kennel one day, when, all of a sudden, Jackie called out:

"I say, Peetie, let's do something!"

"What shall we do?" asked Peetie, who was watching a fly that was buzzing around his nose.

"Oh, I don't know," answered his brother. "Suppose we run away again? I think it was fun that time we went off in the woods; at least it was fun after we got home."

"No, indeed, I'll not run away again," said Peetie. "It's too nice around the kennel-house. Think of something else, Jackie."

"Well, how would you like to give a show, so Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and Sammie and

Susie Littletail, and the three Wibblewobbles could come to it!"

"Do you suppose we could give a show?"

"Of course. All you have to do is to put up a tent, charge admission, and do some tricks. Then everybody comes to see what's inside the tent, and there you are."

"What admission could we charge?" asked Peetie. "Pins, or something like that?"

"Not pins," decided Jackie. "Pins are not good to eat, and they stick you something terrible. No, we will charge so many bones to come to our show. Every one who comes will have to bring a bone."

"A bone with meat on it?" asked Peetie.

"Of course," replied Jackie, "nice, meaty, juicy bones. You see, the rabbits and squirrels and ducks don't like bones, so they won't in the least mind bringing them to pay their way into our show. But *we* can eat the bones, you know," and Jackie winked both eyes at his brother, and then the two little puppy dogs laughed so hard that they rolled over and over and over.

"The first thing to do is to make the tent," said Jackie after he had stopped laughing. "We will make it out of some old bags." So they got some old bags that potatoes had once been in, and they ripped the bags open with their sharp

teeth, and then they got their mamma to sew the pieces together, and pretty soon, oh, I guess in about two or three barks, if they didn't have as fine a tent as a puppy dog could wish.

"Now," said Jackie, "we are ready to give the show. You and I will dress up in our old suits, like clowns, and we will put some seats in the tent, and we'll jump over the saw-horse, and stand on our heads and on our tails, and jump over each other's backs, and through barrel hoops, and I guess everybody will be glad to pay a bone or two to see us. We will charge one bone to come in, and two bones for a reserved seat."

So the puppy dogs printed some paper signs about their show, and fastened the signs to trees, and in the woods, and some of the posters they gave to the kind fish hawk to hold up in the air where every one could see them.

Then the show was ready to begin. First, Sammie and Susie Littletail came, and behind them Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, and, would you believe it, if Uncle Wiggily Longears wasn't there, too! He said he really didn't care much about the show, but he wanted to be sure Sammie and Susie were all right. Each one paid a bone to get in, and Uncle Wiggily paid two bones, because he wanted a reserved seat, where he could watch Sammie and Susie, you know.

Then Johnnie and Billie Bushytail came, and Jennie Chipmunk, and Sister Sallie, and the three Wibblewobble children, and pretty soon the tent was full. Yes, Bully and Bawly, the two frog boys, were there also.

Peetie and Jackie were behind the stage, dressing up, and pretty soon Jackie came out, made a low bow and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to begin," and the people clapped like anything; yes, they did, honestly.

"The first number on the program," went on Jackie," will be a little song by my brother, Peetie."

Then Peetie came out, dressed up too funny for any use, in an old dress of his mother's, with a pink sunbonnet, and on his feet were tied two old tin pans. Then he made a bow and began to sing this song:

"We hope you'll like our little show,
Which shortly we will start.
We're going through some funny tricks
And I will do my part.
My brother, he will jump so high
You scarce can see him go.
And if I do not tumble down
I'll stand upon my toe.

"We're going to jump through barrel hoops
And turn a somersault.
We'll do the double tumble-down
Just as two doggies ought.
We'll dance and cut some capers;
We'll hop about and sing,
And do the wally-wub, a trick
That's hard as anything."

Well, you should have heard the audience clap at that. Uncle Wiggily nearly broke his glasses. Then the show started.

Jackie Bow Wow gave a big jump, and touched the top of the tent before he came down, and then, after Peetie had danced with the tin pans on his feet, making a terrible clatter, he stood upon his toe, as bold as bold could be, and he didn't fall down once.

Then there was some more clapping and Peetie brought out some barrel hoops covered with paper. Well, I wish you could have seen Jackie jump through them. It was worth three bones and a half at the very least. He broke through the paper as easily as you can eat pie.

Then the two doggies danced, and sang, and turned double somersaults and single ones, and forward and backward ones, and then came the

"wally-wub," which is a very hard trick, indeed; oh, most difficult!

To do it, Jackie stood up straight on the end of his tail, and Peetie tried to stand on the end of his tail on Jackie's nose. Only they didn't do it, and they both tumbled down ker-thump! and fell into a barrel, and Uncle Wiggily had to help them out.

But that was the only accident that happened, and every one liked the show so much that Jackie and Peetie did it all over again. Every one said it was worth all the bones they had brought. There were quite a number of juicy bones, which made fine meals for the two puppy dogs for several days and a few left over for good measure. Well, the show ended at dusk, and every one went home, and Jackie and Peetie were very proud of themselves you may be sure.

Now the story tomorrow night is going to be about Jackie on a windmill; that is if our cow doesn't get lost in the woods and ring the bell in the church steeple with her crinkly horns.

STORY XVII

JACKIE ON A WINDMILL

For several days after Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow had given their show, every one was talking about it, saying how fine it was.

"We're going to have a circus down in our pond, some day," said Bully, the frog.

"That's what we are," added Bawly, his brother, and he whistled through his teeth as cute as could be, a real nice tune it was, too, all about cool, green water, and flowers growing in it, and birds singing, and mosquitoes flying about and buzzing.

"Say, Jackie, if we have a show," went on Bully, "will you and Peetie come to it?"

"Of course we will," replied Jackie, "but just now we are going for a walk and maybe we will have an adventure."

"Where are you going?" asked the frog.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jackie, careless-like. "One never knows where one is going when one wishes to meet with an adventure,"

and he dug a little hole in the ground, and looked down in it to see if by any chance there might be a bit of puppy biscuit there.

But there wasn't, and so, pretty soon, Peetie and Jackie started off across the fields, all ready for something to happen. And something did happen, as you shall hear, in about two buzzes of the littlest mosquito that ever bit a baby.

Well, they went on and on, did Peetie and Jackie, and in about six and a half tumbles they found themselves in a big field, which was owned by a farmer, only the farmer wasn't there that day, having gone to the village to get the mail.

Well, the two puppy dogs started through this field, when, all of a sudden, if they didn't hear the funniest squeaking, squawking noise that ever was. It was just like a gate swinging on rusty hinges or two little pigs caught fast under a rail fence, and squealing as hard as they could squeal.

"My goodness me sakes alive and a bottle of horse radish!" cried Peetie, "what's that?"

"I don't know, answered Jackie, "but I think it is an adventure coming this way."

"Maybe it's an automobile," suggested Peetie. "They are adventures, sometimes."

Then they looked up, and would you believe me? if high in the air, on top of a tower such as you can build with your blocks (only this one

was of iron), right on top of this tall tower, I say, was a big wheel going around, and around, and around; oh, ever so many times; more than I can count.

"Ha! That's what made the noise," said Jackie, and Peetie said the same thing. "I wonder what it can be?" went on Jackie. You see he didn't know it was a windmill.

Then the two little puppy dogs stood, and looked at the wheel going around, and around, and they put their legs far apart so they wouldn't fall over, and they cocked up their ears and opened their eyes as wide as they could open them, so that they might see the windmill better. But still they didn't know what it was. Finally, after Jackie had barked three times, which always made him feel better, he called out:

"Oh, now I know what that is. It's a wheel like the one in the cage where Johnnie and Billie Bushytail's papa and mamma the nice squirrels once lived.

"A wheel in a cage?" asked Peetie, who didn't know what his brother meant.

"Yes; you know, in a squirrel cage. The squirrels get in and have a fine ride, just like on a merry-go-round. That's what this is, only I never saw such a big wheel before. My! Look at it go whizzing around! I'm going to have a

ride on it. You don't have to pay anything, and it's better than a merry-go-round."

"Oh, don't get on it!" pleaded Peetie. "It's terrible high, and you might fall. Besides, it goes fearful fast."

"Oh! I'm not afraid," answered Jackie. "I think I can climb up to it, and, when I do, I'll call down to you, and you can come up, too."

Well, Jackie started to climb up the wind mill tower. It was hard work, and he slipped back several times, just like the frog in the well, but finally he found a place where there was a sort of ladder, like a pair of stairs, and up this the little puppy dog managed to scramble. Up and up he went, higher and higher, until Peetie was nearly dizzy from watching him. Up and up went Jackie, until finally, just like Jack and the Bean Stalk, there he was right on top, close to the wheel that was going around and around as fast as fast could be.

"Look out!" cried Peetie. "Don't get on while it's going so fast."

"I won't," answered Jackie, and then he waited until the windmill stopped and slowed up, when the wind didn't blow so hard, and then, if you'll take my word for it, if Jackie didn't grab hold of the outside part or rim of that big wheel and cling fast by his teeth and his legs.

"Now watch me ride!" he cried to Peetie on the ground below.

Well, at that instant there came a strong breeze, the kind that make kites sail high up in the air, and the wheel began to turn around. First it went slowly and then it went fast, and then it went faster, and then it went fastest, and then it went whi-z-z-z! which is too utterly speedy for anything.

"Here I go!" cried Jackie, and indeed he was going. At first it was fun, but, after a bit, he went so fast that he got dizzy. Then he felt himself slipping off. Oh, how hard he tried to hold on, by his teeth and legs, but he couldn't; and he slipped more and more, and got dizzier, and more dizzy.

"Oh Peetie! Can't you help me?" he cried, but Peetie couldn't, though he barked as hard as ever he could, which shows that he had a kind heart.

Well, finally the wheel went so fast that poor Jackie was tossed off—right off; and through the air he went, sailing, and scooting along just like a comet. Then maybe he wasn't frightened, for he knew that when he hit the ground there was going to be trouble.

But he didn't hit the ground! No, sir, that was the funny part of it. He was thrown so far and so high by the wheel of the windmill, that

he went away over in the farmer's yard, where, pinned across two clothes lines there was a big lace curtain, all spread out to dry.

Well, believe me, if Jackie didn't come down in that lace curtain, which was just like the big net the circus trapeze performers fall into. And Jackie wasn't hurt a bit, only the lace curtain was torn, but that didn't matter very much, you know. Then Jackie jumped out of the curtain-net, and ran home with Peetie, and he never rode on a windmill again.

Now if you don't step in any chewing gum and make the kitchen oil cloth all sticky, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie hiding a bone.

STORY XVIII

PEETIE HIDES A BONE

Once upon a time, as Peetie Bow Wow was walking through the woods, in a place that was not very dark and dismal, but which was bright and beautiful, with flowers growing all about, what do you suppose he found? No, it wasn't a golden box filled with diamonds; that belongs in a fairy story—but he found a nice, big, juicy bone, with enough meat on it to last for two meals, or, maybe, three meals and part of another one.

Oh, it was the nicest bone you can imagine! I don't s'pose you children care much about bones, but you know puppy-dogs just love them, better even than candy and ice cream cones. Well, when Peetie found this bone, he felt very happy.

"I'll hide it away until I'm good and hungry," he said to himself, for he had just eaten a nice dinner in the kennel-house. "I might put this bone in a deep hole, to keep the flies away from

it," he went on, "and then, some day, maybe Christmas, or New Years, or Fourth of July, Jackie and I will dig it up and have a fine feast."

You see, Peetie didn't forget his brother, even if Jackie wasn't with him when the bone was found. I suppose there are some puppy dogs who wouldn't have been so kind and thoughtful, but Peetie wasn't one of those. So he took his treasure up in his strong, white teeth, and he trotted off through the woods to hide it.

"I must look for a good, safe place," he thought, "because this is such a fine bone that almost any one would be glad to get it, and if I don't hide it well, a burglar might come along and take it."

So Peetie looked for a secure place in which to hide the dainty. First he thought he would put it in an old hollow stump, and then he decided that wouldn't do, for owls live in hollow stumps, and owls like the meat that comes off bones.

But after the little puppy dog had gone on, and on, through the woods for quite a distance he came to a nice quiet place where the ground was soft.

"I'll hide it here," he said, and he began to dig a hole, and pretty soon he had it large enough to satisfy him. Into that hole Peetie

pushed the bone. It seemed to disappear rather suddenly, he thought, but that did not bother him, for he believed he could dig it up again when he wanted it.

So he trotted back home, and the first thing he knew he met Jackie.

"Oh!" he cried, "I just found the loveliest bone you ever dreamed of!"

"Did you eat it all up?" asked Jackie, suspicious-like.

"No," answered Peetie. "I buried it, and Fourth of July you and I will dig it up and have a fine feast."

"Good!" cried Jackie. "Very good, indeed. Thank you, Peetie!"

Well, just naturally, those two little puppy dogs couldn't wait until Fourth of July came to dig up that bone. No, sir; if they didn't get hungry on Decoration Day, and off they started to where their fine dinner was buried, intending to dig it up.

Well, they found the spot all right, for Peetie had marked it with a white stone, and they began to dig. They dug and they dug and they dug, but, oh, dear me, suz-dud! there wasn't any bone there! Now, what do you think about that, eh?

"Are you sure you put it here?" asked Jackie, as he stopped digging and looked at Peetie.

"Yep, I'm sure," answered Peetie.

"Then some one has been here and dug it up," insisted Jackie, quite savagely. "I wish I knew who had done it."

"Oh, I don't believe any one dug it up," remarked Peetie, after he had carefully looked about. "I could tell if any stranger had been snooping here," and he put his nose to the ground and sniffed real hard.

Well, the two puppy dogs dug some more, and went deeper down, but there wasn't any bone, and oh, how disappointed they were! They had been counting so much on gnawing it, one on one end and one on the other, and now it was gone!

I know you feel sorry for them, but just you wait and see what happens. It will take place almost in the twinkling of an eye. As they were sitting there, looking very sad, along came Bully, the frog.

"What were you digging for?" he asked, with two short croaks and a long one.

"A bone that Peetie buried there," answered Jackie.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" laughed Bully, the frog.

"Why are you laughing?" inquired Peetie, indignant-like.

"Why, the idea of burying a bone there!" exclaimed the frog. "Don't you know that is an old well? I used to live in it, but it was closed up long ago, and covered over with boards, and dirt was put on top of them. You must have dug down to the boards and your bone has fallen through a hole in the well-cover, and now is deep down in the water."

"That's just it!" declared Peetie, after thinking a moment, and recollecting how suddenly his treasure had disappeared. "My nice bone is down in the well! Oh, dear! Isn't it terrible!"

"Is the well deep?" asked Jackie. "Maybe I could go down in it."

"Oh, it is much too deep for you to go down," replied Bully. "I am sorry I laughed at you, though. I did not know you felt so badly about it," and he croaked real dismal-like to show how sorry he was.

And, indeed, Peetie and Jackie felt very miserable over their loss. They tried every way they could think of to get back their bone, and Bully suggested all sorts of plans, and croaked as hard as he could, thinking perhaps that might help. The puppy dogs even started to dig a hole, so all the water would run out of the well,

and leave it dry for them to go in, but they found they could never do that, so they had to stop.

Then, all of a sudden, along came Jennie Chipmunk, on her way to the acorn store, and when she saw the puppy dogs, and the frog she wanted to know what the trouble was. They told her, and Jennie Chipmunk said, as quick as a flash:

"Why don't you tie a string around Bully, lower him into the well, and let him grab hold of the bone? Then you can pull him up and the bone, too. I'll help. Bully can go under water, you know."

"Of course, I can," remarked the frog, proudly. And wasn't Jennie Chipmunk smart to think of that? Well, I just guess she was!

"Will you go down for us, Bully?" asked Peetie.

"Of course," answered Bully, croaking away down in his throat.

So they got a long piece of wild grapevine, for a rope, and tied it around the frog's waist. Then they made a little bigger hole through the wooden well cover, and lowered Bully down. Oh, how slowly and carefully they lowered him, so he wouldn't fall and be hurt. Down and down he went, a little at a time, and pretty soon he got to the water.

Then he croaked to let his friends know, and they loosened their hold on the grapevine rope, keeping hold of the end. Next Bully dived beneath the water, and got the bone. Then he jerked on the rope to show that he had it, and Peetie, Jackie and Jennie began to pull him up.

It was hard work, but they managed to do it, and in a croak and a half, there was Bully on top, with the bone safe and sound. So Peetie and Jackie had their Decoration Day dinner, after all, and maybe they weren't thankful to Bully and Jennie! Now, in case the comet doesn't lose any more of its tail, so it can wiggle it and make the baby laugh, I'll tell you tomorrow night about the Bow Wows in a garden.

STORY XIX

THE BOW WOWS IN A GARDEN

One day, oh, I guess it must have been about a week after Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow got their bone up from the well, or, rather, Bully, the frog, got it for them; one day, I say, about a week after this, the two puppy dogs were walking along in the bright sunshine, listening to the birds sing, and smelling the flowers, and seeing the green grass wave in the wind.

"Isn't it a fine day!" exclaimed Peetie, and just as he said that he stumbled down, and bumped his nose on a sharp stone. But do you s'pose he minded that? Not the least bit. Up he got, and never cried even one tear.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked Jackie.

"No," replied his brother. "Isn't it a fine day?" and he still thought so, even if he had fallen down, which is not the way some folks would act after they had fallen down and bumped their noses, but then I s'pose they can't help it.

"It is certainly one dandy day," answered Jackie. "I would like to go to a ball game."

"There isn't any this afternoon," went on Peetie. "Sammie and Billie and Johnnie and all the fellows have gone fishing."

"I wish we'd gone, too," spoke Jackie. "But can't we do something?"

"Oh, I guess so," said Peetie. "Let's walk along and see what we can find."

They hadn't gone very far before they came to a place where the ground was all dug up. It was soft, and brown, and warm, and as smooth as a bed quilt.

"Oh!" cried Jackie, "I guess some one has been burying bones here. Let's see if we can dig a few up."

So they dug, and they dug, and they dug, but not a bone could they find, and they thought that was rather odd, because the ground was so nice and soft, with no stones in it, and they could dig it with their paws as easily as you can stick your finger in a lump of putty that the painter-man forgets and leaves behind him.

"No bones here!" cried Peetie at last. "Maybe if we dig a little farther along we'll find some." So they started to dig in a new place, but land sakes la-de-da and a piece of butter! if a big man

didn't suddenly run out of the bushes with a stick in his hand and call:

"Here! You doggies get right out of that! The idea of you digging it up after I raked it smooth! Clear out now!" and he spoke real cross-like, and threw his stick at Peetie and Jackie, but I'm glad to say he didn't hit them.

Of course they ran away as fast as they could, and they both tumbled down several times, but they didn't mind that.

Finally they got far enough off so they couldn't hear the man shouting at them, and then they had to stop, because they were all out of breath. And then, whom should they meet, but Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the two little duck girls.

"Why are you running?" asked Lulu, as she threw a stone up in the air and whistled when it came down.

"Because a man told us to run," answered Peetie. "We were digging in a soft place he had made, and he chased us. We weren't doing any harm either—only looking for bones."

"Oh, you silly little puppy dogs!" exclaimed Alice. "That was the man's garden. He had made it all smooth so that he might plant things in it, and have them grow."

"Was that a garden?" asked Jackie.

"It was," replied Alice.

"And what grows in it?" Peetie wanted to know.

"Oh, lots of things," said the little duck girl. "Onions, and radishes, and potatoes, and cabbage and ever so many things to eat that I can't remember."

"But no bones?" asked Jackie.

"I don't think so," answered Lulu. "But I don't s'pose any one ever planted bones, so, of course, they couldn't grow," and then the two little duck girls walked on, leaving Peetie and Jackie standing there, quite puzzled.

"I know what let's do," said Peetie, after a while. "Let's make a garden and plant some bones in it. Then we won't have to hunt them any more. They will grow for us."

"Of course," cried Jackie. "And we'll plant some puppy cakes, and some dog biscuit for papa and mamma. It will be just the thing. Come on!"

So they hurried home, and, back of their kennel they began to make a garden. They dug up a place with their paws and then they rolled on their backs over and over in it, to make it smooth. Then they got some little bones and planted them in the earth, all in nice straight rows.

"Now, pretty soon," said Peetie, "those little bones will grow to be big bones."

Then they got some puppy cakes and planted them, in nice even rows, and then they went and got some dog biscuits from their mamma's cupboard (for their mother wasn't home) and they planted them.

"Mamma and papa will be real glad we've made a garden," said Jackie, and Peetie thought so, too.

Well, if those two funny little puppy dogs didn't sit and watch their garden all that day, expecting the bones and puppy cakes and dog biscuits to grow up, like tomato vines, I suppose, with more bones and cakes on them, or just like peanuts, perhaps. But nothing happened, and pretty soon Peetie said:

"Things are growing kind of slow, aren't they?"

"I'm afraid they are," answered Jackie.

"Perhaps we ought to water our garden," suggested Peetie. "I think Alice said the man watered his garden when it was dry."

"That's a good idea," decided Jackie. "We'll water ours then." So they got the watering can, filled it at the tub where the horses drank, and sprinkled the ground. Then they sat down on their hind legs and watched their garden care-

fully, but still nothing happened, and it began to get dark.

"I guess nothing will grow until to-morrow," said Peetie as he looked anxiously at the brown earth, all wet in little puddles now.

"We'll sprinkle it again," suggested his brother, and they poured more water on. Just then Mrs. Bow Wow came home, having gone downtown to meet Mr. Bow Wow.

"Whatever are you two puppy dogs doing?" she asked, when she saw Peetie and Jackie with the watering can.

"Making a garden for bones to grow in," said Peetie.

"Oh, you dear little silly puppy dogs!" cried their mother, and she kissed them, because they were so thoughtful and good, even if they didn't know any better than to plant bones.

Then their papa told the doggies how it is that only seeds and things like that will sprout and grow in gardens, and when he had given Peetie and Jackie some chocolate covered puppy cakes he had brought home with him, they were quite happy, even if they didn't have a garden of bones.

To-morrow night's story will be about Peetie and the bees—that is, if you don't lose your lead pencil down the crack in the board walk where the angleworm lives with his little boy.

STORY XX

PEETIE AND THE BEES

The next day Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow went out to look at their garden. Nothing had come up in it, but by this time they knew better than to expect anything to grow there.

"Weren't we foolish to think bones would grow?" said Peetie.

"Very foolish," agreed Jackie. "But, say, we can dig up the dog biscuit and puppy cakes we planted, and eat them. They will be good."

"To be sure!" cried Peetie, quite delighted, and they dug so fast that the dirt flew up in a shower, and Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the big rooster, thought it was raining sand.

Well, after they had eaten up all the pieces of biscuit and cake, Peetie and Jackie started to take a walk. They had not gone very far before they heard a rustling in some bushes that were beside the path, and they jumped back, just the least bit afraid.

"Maybe that's a *fox*!" said Peetie in a whisper.

"It didn't sound like a fox," answered his brother. "It may have been those two bad owls that once before scared us when we ran away."

Just then the rustling became louder, and what should come out of the bushes but a great, big, shaggy black dog.

At first Peetie and Jackie feared they were going to be frightened, for the big dog looked at them quite savagely they thought, but the very next instant he began to smile, and then he sang this little song, which goes like one of the nice tunes the kindergarten children sing. I don't know which one, but perhaps some of you can tell. Anyhow, this is the song:

"I've traveled many weary miles
And now I am alone,
Within these dark and dreary woods,
Where there is not a bone.
I pray you kindly, little dogs,
Could you lend me some money?
Or, if your purse is empty, quite,
Please give me bread and honey.

"I am so tired, I'm growing old,
My eyesight is not good.
I cannot see my way back home,
I'd go there if I could.

Perchance you two know of a spot,
Where stands a fairy cupboard.
And, if you do, please telephone
To dear old Mother Hubbard."

"Who are you, if one may ask?" inquired Jackie, when the big black dog had ceased singing, and had made a low bow.

"Is it possible you don't know who I am?" asked the dog, who had sung. "Why, I am surprised at you. I am the only dog Mother Hubbard ever had. She went to get me a bone, but, very foolishly I went out to see a circus parade while she was gone, and I lost my way back home. I've been lost ever since, and I'm getting tired of it. I don't s'pose you know where I live, do you?"

"No," answered Peetie and Jackie together. "We don't."

"I was afraid you didn't," resumed Mother Hubbard's dog. "By the way, you haven't any honey about you, I s'pose?" and he looked at them very sharply.

"No," answered Peetie, "we haven't. What is honey?"

"I am once more surprised," went on the big dog. "Why, honey is sweet stuff, made by a bee, from flowers, and it is the most delicious morsel

you ever tasted. It makes my mouth water even to think of it," and honestly if that dog's mouth didn't get full of water then and there, which was a good thing, as he was very thirsty.

"It sounds fine," spoke Jackie. "I think I'd like some honey."

"I know where we can get some," went on the big dog, eagerly. "There is a hive of bees not far away. I would go and get some honey out, myself, but I can't see very well. One of you could do it much better."

"Will the bees let us have it?" asked Peetie.

"Oh, yes," said the big dog, careless like. Now I call that rather mean of him, for he never said a word about how sharply bees can sting, and Peetie and Jackie didn't know that.

"I'll get the honey if you show me the place," said Peetie, and then Mother Hubbard's dog said he would, and started off through the woods, Peetie and Jackie following. Well, pretty soon they came to the beehive. It stood in a deep, dark part of the woods, where folks seldom came.

"Now, go right up and get the honey," said the big, black dog to Peetie. "Take the cover off the hive, reach in and scoop some honey out. Jackie and I will wait here for you," and then that bad, deceitful dog, calling to Jackie to come with him, went and hid under the bushes, where

the bees could not find him, for he knew they would fly out, and buzz angrily around, as soon as Peetie tried to take the honey.

Well, that's just what happened. No sooner did Peetie lift the top off the hive, than the bees swarmed out, oh, so angry!

They flew right at Peetie and stung him on his black-spotted nose. They stung him as many as seven times, and poor Peetie ran away, howling, and didn't get so much as a smell of honey. Then Jackie, peering from the bushes and seeing what had happened, got angry at Mother Hubbard's dog.

"You knew those bees would sting my brother!" he cried. "Why did you send him after the honey? Why didn't you go yourself?"

"Because I can't see very well," answered the big black dog with a whine. "Did they sting you very bad, Peetie, my boy?"

"Yes," cried poor Peetie, rubbing his nose with his paw, "they stung me something fierce!"

"Just stick your nose in the cool mud by that spring!" suddenly called a voice on a flower over Peetie's head; and he looked up and saw the Queen Bee, who had flown out of the hive to see who was taking her honey. "Stick your nose right in the mud," she went on kindly, "and that

will make it feel better. I'm sorry you were stung."

So Peetie put his nose in the mud and it felt better at once. Then the Queen Bee looked very angrily at the big black dog, and she said:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

And, would you believe me, he was, and he sneaked off, with his tail between his legs. Then the Queen Bee called some of her biggest bees and had them sting the big dog six times for playing such a trick on Peetie.

And after that Peetie's nose stopped hurting and he and Jackie explained that they didn't mean to bother the bees and wouldn't have done it only for Mother Hubbard's dog.

"Oh, I'll excuse you," said the Queen Bee kindly, "and I'll give you all the honey you want," which she did, and some besides for the puppy dogs to take home, and, oh, how delicious it was! Peetie was even glad he was stung, because the honey was so good.

Now, to-morrow night's story will be about the Bow Wows and the Guinea Pig—that is, if there is no frost to freeze baby's pink toes so she can't wiggle them in her crib in the morning.

STORY XXI

HELPING BRIGHTEYES PIGG

Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow were going to the store for their mother. She had started to bake some apple pies, when, at the last minute, she found there was no lard in the kitchen of the kennel. Now it seems you can't bake apple pies without lard.

I don't just know what part of the pie it goes in, whether it's the inside or the outside, but I know you have to have it. So when Mrs. Bow Wow found she had no lard she called for Peetie and Jackie to go after a pound, and glad enough they were to go, too, for they just loved apple pie and a bit of cheese.

Well, they got the lard all right, and were on their way home, walking slowly through the woods, taking turns carrying the package, when all at once Peetie, who was holding it, fell down, and the lard rolled out of his paws.

"Now see what you have done!" exclaimed his brother. "You have spoiled the lard."

"No, I haven't, replied Peetie, getting on his feet and picking up the bundle. "It's only got a dent in, and mamma can straighten that out. It's all right. It's your turn to carry it now."

He was just handing it to Jackie, when they heard a queer little voice calling:

"Help! Oh, will no one help me?"

"Who are you?" asked Jackie, thinking perhaps it was a fairy crying, for he could see no one.

"My name is Matilda Pigg," answered the voice, away up high in the air. "But everyone calls me Brighteyes."

"Matilda Pigg?" repeated Jackie. "And who are you, pray, if one may ask?"

"I am a guinea pig," came the reply, and then it sounded as if Matilda was crying.

"What is the matter, and where are you?" asked Peetie, for they had looked up and they had looked down, had Jackie and his brother, and they had looked on one side, and then on the other side, but they could see no one.

"Here I am," said Matilda Pigg, ceasing her sobs so that she could speak more plainly. "I'm caught in this log, away up on top of a big rock."

Then Peetie and Jackie could see the poor little creature. There was the unfortunate guinea pig, with one leg held fast in a split-open log that was on top of a rock. It was quite high, but the two

puppy dogs managed to scramble up there. Then they saw that Matilda was very prettily marked, with brown and white spots, and they noticed how frightened she was and in what pain, and they wished they could help her.

"I was walking along this rock, looking for some cabbage," she said, "when my foot slipped, and I fell in the crack in this log. I pulled and I pulled, but I can't get my leg loose, for it is wedged tight, and I am afraid I'll have to stay here forever. Will you please help me get out?"

"Oh, don't cry, Matilda," said Jackie, very kindly. "Peetie and I will certainly help you; won't we Peetie?"

"Of course," answered Peetie. "But what were you going to do with the cabbage when you got it?" he asked, for Peetie was very curious.

"I was taking it home to my little brother Montmorency Pigg," replied the little guinea pig girl. "He is ill; Montmorency is. Buddy, we call him for short, and he is black and white," and the little creature began to cry again, she felt so badly.

"Don't cry, Matilda," said Peetie. "We will save you."

"Oh, thank you so much!" she exclaimed. "You may call me Brighteyes, if you wish. Nearly every one does."

"Well, we will get you loose from this log first," decided Jackie. So he and Peetie took hold with their strong jaws, one on one side, and one on the other side, and they pulled with all their might, but the log wouldn't come apart. It was just like when the man splits a big piece of wood, and his hatchet sticks in it.

"Pull a little harder, Peetie!" panted Jackie.

"I'm pulling as hard as ever I can pull," answered his brother, and he braced back on his legs until they ached. But, pull and tug as they did, the log would not open, and Brighteyes Pigg was still held fast. Then she cried harder than before, because her leg pained her very much. Well, Peetie and Jackie tried again, but it was of no use, and then, all of a sudden along hopped Bully and Bawly, the two frogs. They saw what Peetie and Jackie were doing, and they offered to help.

"Wait until I sing a song first," proposed Bawly. "Maybe that will do some good."

"It would do more good to pull on the log instead of singing," said Jackie, but Bawly said he had to sing, even if it was only a short song. So he sang this:

"Fairy, fairy in the tree,
Please to set poor Brighteyes free.

We have tried with all our might.
But Brighteyes is held too tight."

"There," remarked Bully, after waiting a minute, "the song didn't do any good, you see!"

"Well, you and I haven't tried with all our might yet," responded Bawly. "I only said that we had so as to make it rhyme. Let's try now."

So they helped Jackie and Peetie pull, but it was of no use, and poor Matilda Pigg was still held fast.

"I guess I had better go for Dr. Possum, for maybe he can pull the log apart with his strong tail," suggested Jackie, when all at once who should come along but Sammie Littletail and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail. They all helped pull, and the two squirrels tried to gnaw through the log, but it was too large and they had to stop.

Then, just as they were all giving up, along came Uncle Wiggily Longears, with his crutch, and as soon as he saw what was the matter he said:

"Why, all you have to do is to put some lard in the crack, right near Matilda's leg, and her leg will slip out as easily as slippery elm. Have you any lard?"

"We have; a whole pound, for apple pies," said Peetie, and he gave Uncle Wiggily the

package from the store. Then, in a jiffy, that old gentleman rabbit rubbed some lard in the crack of the log, and it greased it, and softened it up at once, so Brighteyes could pull out her leg. And maybe she wasn't thankful as she ran along home!

And Peetie's and Jackie's mamma never scolded them a bit for using some of the lard, for she said they had done just right, and had acted kindly.

Now to-morrow night the story is going to be about Jackie Bow Wow and Buddy Pig, whose real name was Montmorency; that is, in case the chimney doesn't smoke and make my canary bird sing a song about ham and bacon and eggs.

STORY XXII

JACKIE AND BUDDY PIGG

"Come on out, Peetie, and we'll take a walk through the woods, and maybe see an adventure," said Jackie Bow Wow to his brother, one day.

"No," answered Peetie, "I can't. I've got the toothache," and he put his paw to his jaw, and almost wished a bee would sting him, so he might feel a different sort of pain than the toothache.

"Well, if you can't come, I'm going alone," decided Jackie.

"If you see anything that's good for toothache I wish you'd bring it home with you," went on Peetie, and just then he had such a sharp pain that he nearly stood up on the end of his tail, which is a very difficult trick for any dog to do, except, maybe, the wooden kind that come out of Noah's ark.

"Of course I'll bring it," promised Jackie.

"Maybe I'll meet a fairy, and she'll give me something magical to stop the pain."

"I hope you will," spoke Peetie, and this time the toothache hurt him so that he rolled over and over on the floor of the kennel and his mother felt very sorry for him. So Jackie started off, and walked far away, over the fields, and through the woods, and along a little brook, but he didn't see any fairies. He looked up and down, and sideways, and he didn't see even an adventure—at least not right away, but pretty soon something is going to happen, and if you listen closely and watch, you'll know what it is.

Well, as Jackie was walking along he heard a funny little squeaking noise in the woods, and at first he thought it was two limbs of a tree rubbing one against the other, and squeaking, just as your new shoes do sometimes, in church, when you want to be, oh, so still and quiet!

"My! I wonder what that can be?" exclaimed the little puppy dog. "Is anybody there?" he called out, for Jackie was getting to be quite brave.

"Yes, I'm here," answered a voice, and then Jackie began to get the least bit afraid, for he thought maybe it might be a snake coming to get him, or a bad fox, or something like that.

"Who are you?" asked the little puppy dog,

at last, when he had looked all around and couldn't see anything.

"Here I am," was the answer, "can't you see me, right by this rock?" and then something moved—something spotted black and white, and what Jackie had at first taken to be a part of the rock, turned out to be a little animal, about half as big as Sammie Littletail.

"Oh, I know who you are now," cried Jackie, as he saw the little chap more plainly, "you are Montmorency Pigg, the brother of Matilda Pigg —Brighteyes—aren't you?"

"Yes," said the guinea pig, for he it was who had been hiding beside the rock, "I am the brother of Brighteyes; but, if you please, Jackie, I wish you wouldn't call me Montmorency."

"Why not? Isn't Montmorency your name?"

"Yes, it is, but, you see, I don't exactly like it. It sounds too much like a name in a book, and I don't like books except those about fighting Indians, and I never heard of an Indian named Montmorency. If it's all the same to you, Jackie, would you mind calling me Buddy? All my friends do?"

"Of course I will," agreed Jackie. "But how did you happen to get that name?"

"Oh, I'm named after my great-great-grandmother," explained Buddy Pigg, "but I can't bear

it. Of course I let mother call me Montmorency when she wants to, but I don't like the boys to use it. Neither does my sister like the girls to call her Matilda, so we made up other names for ourselves. I also want to thank you for helping get Brighteyes loose from the split log that day."

"Oh, that's all right,' said Jackie, easily, "and of course Peetie and I will call you and your sister by the names you like best. Peetie is home with the toothache to-day, and I'm off here in the woods alone, hunting for something to cure him. Want to come with me?"

"Of course," answered Buddy Pigg. "Maybe I know of something that will——"

But, just as he got that far, there sounded in the woods a most tremendous racket. Bushes and sticks seemed to be breaking, and there were loud cries, and then out rushed a big bird, with something red hanging down over its eyes, its feathers all sticking out and its wings dragging on the ground.

"Oh, run! Run!" cried Jackie Bow Wow. "That's the old turkey gobbler! He's terribly angry, and he may bite us! He nearly got Peetie one day. Run! Run! Run, Buddy!"

Well you should have seen the puppy dog and the guinea pig run! My, how their legs did fly!

But that turkey gobbler ran, too, right after them; for he had indigestion that day and was very angry, and he didn't know the reason why.

On and on he ran, after Jackie and Buddy, and pretty soon he caught up to Jackie, who was behind Buddy, and that mean turkey gobbler just grabbed hold of the puppy dog by the tail.

"Oh, dear! Ouch! Wow! My, oh, my! Lobster salad!" cried Jackie.

"What's the matter?" asked Buddy.

"He's got hold of my tail! He's got hold of my tail!" cried Jackie.

"Pull it away from him!" advised Buddy. "Pull it away, and then you run up front here, and I'll go in back."

Well, Jackie didn't know the reason for this, but he did it. He managed to pull his tail out of the turkey gobbler's beak, and then he jumped ahead and Buddy went in back.

And they ran on, and on, and on, with the gobbler chasing them, until pretty soon they came to a fence. Under it they scrambled like a cat going beneath a gate, and they were safe, for the turkey couldn't get through.

"Oh, my! That was a terrible time!" cried Jackie. "Did he grab your tail, Buddy."

"No," said Buddy, "he didn't. You see I haven't got any tail," and, sure enough, he

turned around, and Jackie saw that he had no tail. No guinea pigs have, you see, at least none that I ever saw."

"I knew he couldn't get hold of my tail," explained Buddy, "so that's why I wanted you to go ahead."

Jackie thought that was very kind of Buddy, and I do, too. Then Jackie and Buddy played together for some time, and had lots of fun, and the old turkey gobbler ran away, quite angry that he hadn't caught hold of the guinea pig's tail. But how could he when there wasn't any?

Then all at once Buddy Pigg saw a green leaf, and he cried out:

"Oh, this will stop Peetie's toothache! It's a mustard leaf, and it will draw out all the pain."

So they took the leaf home, and Mrs. Bow Wow put it on Peetie's jaw, like a mustard plaster, and in a minute the pain was all gone. Then Peetie could come out and play with Buddy and Jackie.

Now if none of you burn yourselves with hot soup and if the peanut man brings me a lemon, with a peppermint stick of candy in it, the story to-morrow night will be about the Bow Wows and the rich dog.

STORY XXIII

THE BOW WOWS AND THE RICH DOG

When Buddy Pigg had gone home, that day after he and Jackie Bow Wow had been chased by the turkey gobbler, and Peetie's toothache had stopped, Jackie said to his mamma:

"Don't you think it funny, mamma, not to have a tail?"

"Indeed I do," answered Mrs. Bow Wow.

"Why, who hasn't any tail?" asked Peetie.

"Buddy Pigg," replied Jackie. "Didn't you notice it?"

"Yes, I saw that he hadn't any," replied Peetie. "But I didn't like to mention it, for fear it might have been cut off, or that he had been caught in a trap, and he might feel badly over the loss of it."

"Oh, my, no!" exclaimed Jackie, "Guinea pigs never have any tails. Buddy told me so. That's the reason he ran behind and let me go ahead. He had no tail for the gobbler to get. I like him first rate."

LOUIS

"Yes, the Piggs are a very nice family," said Mrs. Bow Wow. "They have two 'Gs' at the end of their name, even if they have no tails. They are very nice, and you may play with them as often as you like. But I wish you two puppy dogs would run out and play now. I have the sweeping and dusting to do."

So Peetie and Jackie ran out, and wandered through the woods, but they didn't see Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg, though they looked for them. They did meet some one, though. It was just after they had crawled through a bramble bush, and on the other side stood a beautiful white dog, with long, silky hair.

"Hello!" called Jackie, real friendly like. "Who are you."

"I'm a white poodle," answered the other dog, "and I came out by myself for an airing. Usually my mistress or the coachman or the footman takes me, but they are all away to-day, so I ran out alone. It's dreadfully tiresome to have a person lead you around by a string, but I suppose it can't be helped. But I see that you two doggies have also come out for your airing alone."

"Oh, we always go out alone—that is, Peetie and I together," said Jackie. "Do you always have to have some one with you?"

"Oh, my, yes! That is considered proper. I belong in a very rich family, you see, and some one might steal me."

"If any one stole me, I'd bite them!" cried Peetie.

"Biting is considered rather vulgar, I believe," said the white poodle, looking oddly at Peetie and Jackie. "But would you two doggies like to come home with me and have some fun? I'll entertain you in the very best of style. It's really time I returned."

"We'll go," agreed Jackie, who had always wanted to see how a rich dog lived, so he and Peetie followed the white poodle, who walked along very daintily, being careful not to step in mud puddles.

Well, pretty soon, oh in about two barks and another one, they came to a great, big house, with smooth green lawns and flower gardens all around it, and a fountain spouting in front. The white poodle walked up the big marble steps, as bold as life, and went right in the big front doors.

"Hold on!" cried Peetie, the least bit frightened. "Do you live in this kennel? My, what a fine place!"

"Certainly I live here," was the answer. "But this isn't a kennel. This is a house. My mistress would never think of having me live in a kennel

out-of-doors. That is considered old fashioned, and common. This place does jolly well enough, you know," and the white poddle yawned, as if he was tired.

"Oh, that's how it is?" asked Peetie, faintly.

"Certainly, my dear chap," said the rich dog. "But come right in. I'll take you to my room," and, dear me, suz-dud! if he didn't go right in the front hall, all covered with red velvet carpet as it was, and he never even wiped his feet on the mat. But Peetie and Jackie did.

"I say, but he must be a rich dog," remarked Jackie to Peetie in a whisper, and Peetie nooded.

Then the poodle led them upstairs, and no one came to stop them, and Jackie and Peetie were beginning to think that, after all, it would turn out to be a fairy story; but it didn't. It was all real. Well, in a short time the white poodle led them to a little room, and, walking in, he announced:

"This is my den. It's a pretty fairish sort of a room, but I think I'm going to have them put gold paper on the walls. I'm getting tired of this red," and, believe me! if the walls of that dog's room weren't covered with the most gorgeous red paper you ever saw.

"Have a cushion?" invited the poodle, careless-like, as he stretched himself out on a blue plush

one, and pointed to some others scattered about the room. "They're not half bad. Try one?"

"What! Lie down on those beautiful velvet things?" cried Jackie. "We'd spoil them. We always lie on straw."

"Pooh! Straw is common, my dear chap," spoke the poodle. "Try a cushion, do. That's what they're for." But Peetie and Jackie couldn't bring themselves to do it, and they curled up on the soft carpet.

"Well, are you hungry?" asked the poodle. "I believe there's a bit of cold chicken, with jelly, a chop or two and something like that. I'm not hungry myself," and he waved his paw toward a plate containing all sorts of dainty food, such as chicken, turkey, ice cream, charlotte russe, cream puffs and lady fingers, but Jackie and Peetie didn't care for any of it.

"Haven't you a bone to gnaw?" asked Jackie, politely.

"Oh no, I never gnaw bones," replied the rich dog. "It's not considered proper, you know," and he yawned as if sleepy.

"Well, here's a ball, let's have a catch," proposed Peetie, as he saw a nice, big, red, rubber ball on the floor.

"Oh, no, my dear fellow!" cried the poodle. "Don't speak of such a thing! That ball must

belong to the baby. I don't see how it got in my room. Such toys should be kept out," and he seemed real indignant-like.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Jackie. "We ought to play. Let's race, or tumble down or jump."

"Oh, that's too hard work," objected the poodle. "Suppose we all go to sleep. It's about time for my nap," and he went over and lay down in a basket, all lined with blue silk, and pulled a soft quilt up over himself.

"Stretch out and snooze," he invited the puppy dogs. "Isn't it nice here? Don't you wish you were rich?" and bless me, if in another minute he wasn't snoring away as natural as one could wish. Well, Peetie looked at Jackie, and Jackie looked at Peetie.

"Come on," said Peetie to Jackie in a whisper. "This is no place for us. I'd rather have our kennel with straw in, than this place. Let's go out in the woods and fields where we can play."

Then they went out so softly that they didn't awaken the poodle, who was probably much surprised to get up and find his friends gone.

"No rich life for me," said Peetie, as he fell down in a mud puddle and got up again, as happy as could be.

"Nor me either," agreed Jackie, as he tripped

over a stone. Then they met Bully, the frog, and had a fine game of ball; glad enough to be just who they were and no one else.

Now the story tomorrow night is going to be about the Bow Wows and a poor dog—that is if the chimney doesn't catch fire, and scare my cat so his tail swells up big like a bologna sausage.

STORY XXIV

THE BOW WOWS AND THE POOR DOG

Once upon a time it happened, as things will sometimes happen in this world, that Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow were left home alone to mind the kennel. Their papa and mamma had gone on a visit, and would not be back until late that night.

"Now, be careful not to set the place on fire," cautioned Mrs. Bow Wow, "and don't let any tramps in. Your dinner is all cooked for you, in the cupboard, and don't go away from the house. Now, be good puppy dogs, and I'll bring you something nice when papa and I come back."

"We'll be good," promised Peetie and Jackie. Well, after their mamma had gone they hardly knew what to do. They wandered around the house, and they peeped in the cupboard to see what nice things they were going to have for dinner.

"I see some fine, juicy bones!" cried Peetie.

"And there are some dog biscuit sandwiches!"

added his brother, "and some of those sweet crackers, and two puppy cakes!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Peetie. "Well, now we've looked at it, let's go have a ball game. Maybe some of the fellows will come along." So they went out in front of the kennel-house, and tossed the ball up, and knocked it all about, and had a lovely time.

"I guess that white poodle wishes he could play around the way we do," remarked Jackie.

"I believe you," agreed Peetie. "But maybe he has some kinds of fun that we don't. Hello, there come Bully and Bawly, the two frogs, and Sammie Littletail, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail. Now we'll have a game."

And they did, a fine one, too, Johnnie knocking the ball so high when he was at the bat that it is a wonder that it ever came down again.

Well, they played and they played, until it was the dinner hour, and then it was time to go home, Bully and Bawly and Sammie and Johnnie and Billie promising to come back after their meal. Peetie and Jackie went in the house and began to get the good things out of the cupboard.

"What shall we eat first?" asked Jackie.

"Oh, let's begin on the dog biscuit sandwiches,"

suggested his brother. "We'll save the bones until last, for we can gnaw on them a long time."

Then, just as they had everything nice on the table, and were about to sit down to a regular feast, they heard a voice outside singing.

"Hark!" exclaimed Peetie, "Is that Bawly?"

"It doesn't sound like him," answered Jackie. "Maybe it's that bad Mother Hubbard dog, who wanted us to get the honey for him. Listen!"

They listened, and they heard the voice again, and it was singing a song. To sing it properly you have to be cold and hungry and feel very sad, but as I hope none of you is in that condition I will allow you to sing it after a good supper, and when you feel real happy.

Well, this is the song Jackie and Peetie heard:

"It's awful when you're hungry,
With not a bite to eat.
And when you've wandered many miles,
With blisters on your feet.
I haven't got a single cent;
Nor any place to go.
I've asked for food along the way
But every one says: "No!"

"I wish I'd see a fairy
With silver-gauzy wings.

I'd ask her for some sandwiches
And many other things.
Perhaps she'd have some pity,
And tell me what to do.
For I am in a terrible state.
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

And, with that, there sounded outside the kennel-house the most pitiful crying Peetie and Jackie had ever heard.

"My goodness! What's that?" asked Jackie.

"It must be a tramp," answered Peetie. "Don't let him in!"

So they looked out of the window, and they saw a big shaggy dog, with his coat all stuck up with burrs, and one foot was cut, and another had a thorn in it, and one ear hung down and the other one pointed up, and, oh, dear me, woopsy-doodle and a tomato can! He was the most miserable dog you ever saw.

"Is it Mother Hubbard's dog?" asked Peetie.

"No," answered Jackie. "I don't know who it is."

"Let's ask him," suggested his brother, so he raised the window a little bit, and called out: "Are you a tramp?"

"Indeed, I'm not a tramp, little doggie," answered the big dog. "I am only a poor dog. I

have no home, and I'm looking for work. I can churn butter and I can do tricks, but no one seems to want me. Perhaps you have a little wood your mother wants sawed, or maybe the lawn needs to be cut. I'd do it for a bit of bread and some meat, for I am very hungry. Did you hear me sing about how miserable I am?"

"Yes, we heard you," replied Jackie.

"Well, it's all true," went on the poor dog. "Every word of it. Last night I slept on top of a stone wall, and the night before on the edge of a mud puddle. All I've had to eat for three days has been part of an old bootleg and a piece of a shoe. And it was hard chewing; very hard. Has your mother any work for me?"

"Our mother isn't home," said Peetie.

"Oh, dear, that's too bad. Well, then I'll go on. Maybe I can find work somewhere. My, but how hungry I am! Would you mind if I took a drink of water from the tub?"

"No, certainly not," said Peetie, and Oh, how sorry he and Jackie felt for the poor dog! They thought of the nice things the rich dog had to eat, and then, all of a sudden Peetie said:

"I'm going to give you some of my dinner."

"So am I," cried Jackie.

Then they ran to the window and, just as the poor dog was limping away, after having gotten

a drink, they called to him. He came in the house, wondering what they wanted of him, but when they told him he could have some of the sandwiches and the sweet crackers and the puppy cakes, well, maybe that poor dog didn't eat!

Oh, I wish you could have seen him! Peetie and Jackie kept on filling up his plate until, would you believe me? there wasn't anything left but two bones, and that was all Peetie and Jackie had to eat.

"I'm afraid I've robbed you," said the poor dog, when he had licked the plate as clean as if Jennie Chipmunk had washed it, but Jackie and Peetie didn't care, for they knew they had been kind.

Then the poor dog went to sleep behind the stove, and he was the means of something wonderful happening to Peetie and Jackie, as you shall hear tomorrow night, if you don't upset the stove blacking in the ice cream and make it look like a chocolate cake.

STORY XXV

PEETIE AND JACKIE LEARN TRICKS

When Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow came home that night, after Peetie and Jackie had given their dinner to the poor dog, and he was still lying asleep behind the stove, the puppy dogs' mother exclaimed:

"My goodness, Peetie and Jackie! Didn't I tell you not to let in any tramps?"

"He isn't a tramp," explained Peetie. "He's only a poor dog, looking for work."

"Yes, that's what they all say," remarked Mr. Bow Wow, and he looked around for a stick.

"Oh, but mamma!" exclaimed Jackie. "This dog can do tricks, and he is so tired and miserable, and he sang such a sad song that we couldn't help feeding him."

"I know you meant to be kind," said Mrs. Bow Wow, "but I fear——"

Just then the big shaggy dog awoke.

"I beg your pardon," he said, real politely, "I am afraid I am in the way."

Then he made a very low bow to Mrs. Bow Wow, and looking at Mr. Bow Wow added: "The truth of the matter is that your children were so unexpectedly kind to me that I hardly know how to thank them. I fear I overslept after the good dinner I had, but I will now be going on, unless there is something I can do to pay for my meal," and, once more, he bowed very low.

Then he started to go, and Peetie and Jackie felt sorry, for they wanted him to tell about his tricks, but Mr. Bow Wow said:

"Have you any place to stay tonight?"

"Not unless it is under a hay stack, or on a rock in the woods," was the answer.

"Well, perhaps we can find room for you," went on the puppy dogs' papa, for he saw that the visitor was not a tramp.

"I shall be very grateful to you," said the dog. "My name is Percival—that is my circus name —but my real one is Jim Dubs. You see Dubs was so common that when I joined the circus they changed it. Jim Dubs wouldn't look at all well on a circus poster, you know—not high-sounded enough, and I like Percival quite well now that I'm used to it."

"Were you really in a circus?" asked Peetie eagerly.

"Indeed I was," answered the big, shaggy dog proudly. "I was one of the best trick dogs that was ever inside a sawdust ring, or on the platform. I could turn three somersaults over six elephants, I rode around on a lion's back, I raced with a monkey, I could play the hand organ, ring bells and fire a cannon, but my best trick was to come down from the top of the tent in a parachute, holding two flags in my teeth and blowing a small horn. That used almost to bring down the tent, if I do say it myself!" and the dog modestly closed his eyes, for he did not want to seem proud.

"Why did you leave the circus?" asked Mrs. Bow Wow.

"Because I broke my leg trying to jump over eleven elephants at once," answered Percival. "Then I could do no more tricks."

"That was too bad," spoke Jackie. "Did your leg never get well so you could do tricks again?"

"Yes, but by that time the circus had gone on and left me behind. Then I got sick, and had to do whatever work I could get, and hard times came, and I have to travel around doing odd jobs."

"Can't you do any tricks now?" asked Peetie.

"Oh, yes, a few, but I'm not as spry as I once was. Besides I'm getting old you see."

"Well, stay here tonight," advised Mr. Bow Wow, "and maybe tomorrow I can help you to get work."

So Percival stayed with the Bow Wows that night, and sure enough, the next day the puppy dogs' papa got him a place in the dog biscuit factory where he worked.

Well, time went on, and pretty soon Percival, who boarded at the kennel, was sleek and fat again and hardly lame at all. One day Jackie said to him:

"Could you please show Peetie and me some tricks?"

"I guess so," answered Percival, kindly-like. "That is, if I am not too stiff." So he took a little run, to limber up, and then, presto chango! before you knew it he had turned two somersaults, one backward and one frontwards!

"Fine!" cried Peetie.

"Oh, that is nothing to what I used to do," answered the old circus dog. "You should have seen me in my prime."

But he did some more tricks, such as playing dead, and jumping through barrel hoops, and over several boxes, making believe they were elephants, and then he showed how he used to sit on the lion's back, and how he played the hand organ, and lots of things. Every day after work

he would do some tricks, and after a while Peetie and Jackie also learned to do them.

"Well," said Percival, one day, "you two chaps are getting to be quite expert. You can do tricks better than I can.

"Do you think we could join a circus?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, but I wouldn't advise you to," said the old dog. "It is a hard life. Better stay home and do tricks here."

But the more Peetie and Jackie thought of it, the more they wanted to go off and do tricks in a circus, for they had heard Percival tell of the strange animals, and the smell of the sawdust rings, and the cries of the men who sold pink lemonade and balloons and peanuts, and how the band played, and how the people came flocking to the tent in great crowds.

"Let's go off and join a circus," said Jackie to Peetie one night. "We could earn lots of money and bring it back to papa and mamma."

"All right, we will," agreed Peetie. "We'll join the first circus that comes along, for we can do lots of tricks now."

Well, a circus did come along the very next week. All over, on walls, fences and trees, were stuck the gay posters, and one had on it a picture

of a dog doing some tricks, just as Percival had done.

"Our picture will be like that," said Jackie. "Come on, Peetie, we'll go away tonight and join the circus."

So that night those two puppy dogs slipped softly away from the kennel, when every one was alseep, and the next morning, when Mamma Bow Wow awoke, she found this note on the table:

"Dear Mamma and Papa—we have gone off to join the circus, but we will be back soon with lots of money.

JACKIE AND PEETIE."

"Oh, my poor little puppy dogs!" exclaimed Mamma Bow Wow, and she began to cry. And she hunted all over the house for them thinking perhaps they were hiding, for a joke, but they were gone, and oh! how badly their papa and mamma felt. Now tomorrow night, providing you do not drop your ice cream cone on the baby's nose and make her cry, I'll tell you about Peetie and Jackie joining the circus.

STORY XXVI

THE BOW WOWS JOIN A CIRCUS

Jackie and Peetie ran softly away from the kennel-house that night, leaving their papa and mamma, and the old circus dog, fast asleep. They hurried through the woods, carrying their little bundles containing their clothes, and pretty soon they were quite a distance off.

"Isn't this fun?" asked Peetie, turning a backward somersault, just to keep in practice. "We'll soon be at the circus, and be earning money."

"Yes, I s'pose it's fun," agreed Jackie, "only I stepped on a sharp stone a minute ago, and hurt my foot."

"Oh, don't mind that," advised Peetie. "We'll soon be at the circus."

But they went on, and on, and on, oh, for ever so long, and they didn't know that the circus had moved in the night, going to the next town. Morning came, and they hadn't found it, and they were almost discouraged, only they met a

stray dog, and he told them where the tents were being put up, in a place about a mile away.

"Come on then," cried Peetie to Jackie. "We want to be in time to be hired for this afternoon. Let's do some of our tricks, so as to limber up."

"I'd rather eat breakfast," objected Jackie. "I'm hungry."

"We'll eat afterward," promised Peetie, so they put down their bundles and did some tricks beside the road.

They turned several somersaults, danced on their hind legs and on their front ones, played dead, jumped over each other's backs, rolled around like hoops, and then marched like soldiers.

"Bravo! Fine and dandy!" cried the stray dog. "That's all to the puppy cake, that is!"

"We're going to join the circus," said Peetie, a bit proudly, perhaps.

"Good luck," called the stray dog, as he grabbed a bone from Jackie's bundle and ran off with it. But the puppy dogs didn't much care, as they had more, so they ate their breakfast, and went on to join the circus.

Meanwhile, of course, Mamma and Papa Bow Wow felt dreadfully about their little puppy dogs having run away, but Percival, the old dog, comforted them as well as he could, and promised

to go and look for Peetie and Jackie and bring them back.

"How do you go at it to join a circus?" asked Jackie to Peetie, as they trudged along.

"I don't know," answered his brother. "I guess you just go in and join; that's all."

"I think a good plan for us would be to find the right man, and do some tricks in front of him," proposed Jackie. "Then he can see what we do, and how smart we are, and he'll hire us at once. You know we can't talk people's language, though we can understand it. If we do that way, we won't have to say a word."

"That's a good plan; we'll do it," agreed Peetie.

So they tramped on, and pretty soon they came in sight of some white tents. Then they knew they were at the circus. They could see hundreds of horses going here and there, and many big gilded wagons were being pushed to and fro by curious beasts that seemed to have two tails.

"Those are the elephants," explained Peetie. "We'll jump over them, as Percival did."

"I'm afraid," spoke Jackie, "if one of them stepped on us we'd be as flat as a dog biscuit."

"Ah, but we won't let them step on us," objected Peetie. "Come on; we must look for the manager, who is to hire us."

So they went on, seeing all sorts of wonderful sights. There were cages containing lions and tigers and wolves and monkeys, and there were camels and giraffes and queer cows and a rhinoceros and a hippopotamus and striped zebra, and oh! I don't know how many other things.

Tents were being put up all over the grounds and men were shouting and calling, and other men were getting ready to sell peanuts and pink lemonade and balloons, and oh! it was really a delightful place, only the puppy dogs were anxious to do their tricks so they would be hired, and could earn money.

For, in spite of wanting to join a circus they felt badly about having left their papa and mamma, but they tried to forget that part of it.

All at once Jackie saw a man with a big black mustache and a long whip coming toward them. He had big shiny boots on and Jackie said:

"This must be the ring-master that Percival told us about. Let's do our tricks for him."

"All right," agreed Peetie, "we will."

So they ran right up in front of that man, and they started in. They lay down and rolled over, and jumped backward and forward, and Peetie rode on Jackie's back and Jackie rode on Peetie's back, and they jumped long jumps and short ones, and made believe leap over elephants, and

then they played dead and marched like soldiers, and finally they stood up on their hind legs and barked three times.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the man with the whip. "If some of the trick dogs haven't gotten out of their cage."

"No they haven't!" cried another man. "All our dogs are safe."

"Then these must have run away from some other circus," went on the man with the black mustache. "I'll keep 'em, anyhow. They're cute little beggars, and we need some new dog tricks. Here, Bill, take 'em and put 'em in a cage. Dress 'em up as clowns, and we'll take 'em in the parade today. Lively now," and he snapped his big whip so loudly and so suddenly that Peetie and Jackie jumped quite high.

Then the other man called the puppy dogs to him, and they followed, wagging their tails.

"Oh, we've joined the circus! We really have!" cried Peetie to Jackie, much delighted. "And we never had to speak a word either."

"We're going to be clowns," observed Jackie. "I heard the man say so."

"That's all right! We'll have jolly times, and earn lots of money. Isn't it great!" remarked Peetie. And that is how it was that the puppy dogs joined the show.

But Peetie and Jackie had some hard times ahead of them, even if they were trick dogs in a circus, as you shall soon hear, for the story tomorrow night is going to be about Jackie jumping through a drum—that is if you don't burst your red balloon and spill the peanuts in the doll's bathtub.

STORY XXVII

JACKIE JUMPS THROUGH A DRUM

Well, you can just imagine how excited Peetie and Jackie were, now that they had really joined a circus. They even forgot, for the moment, that they had run away from home, and caused their mamma to cry, and their papa to feel very sorry.

"Come along here, doggie-boys," called the man whom the ringmaster had spoken to as "Bill."

Jackie and Peetie followed and they were led right inside the tent, where there were elephants and camels, and lions, and tigers, and all sorts of animals. Oh, it was a real circus, all right.

"Get in there, and stay until I can dress you up for the show," the man went on, and he opened the door of a big, iron-barred cage.

Peetie and Jackie jumped in, and found that the straw on the bottom was not very clean. But they didn't think much about that, for they were too anxious about the coming parade.

"Do you s'pose we'll do tricks on top of one of those big golden chariots?" asked Peetie.

"Maybe," replied Jackie. "Come on, let's practice jumping in here." So they jumped back and forth in the cage and pretty soon the man returned. He had some clown suits that seemed as if they had been made purposely for Jackie and Peetie.

"I'll put these on you in a minute," said the man, throwing the suits inside the cage, which had iron bars. "These suits were for some other trick dogs we had, but they'll do you all right."

Then he walked away, because one of the elephant's needed a drink of water, about seven pails full, I guess, and Jackie and Peetie looked at the clown suits. But they didn't wait for the man to come back to put them on for them. No, indeed, they put them on themselves. Oh, but they were the smart puppy dogs! Well, you can just imagine how surprised the man was, when he saw that.

"These are fine dogs," he said. "I wonder who trained them?"

"If he knew it was Percival, the old trick dog, I guess he'd wonder more than ever," said Jackie.

"Well, you'll soon be in the parade," the man went on. "Might as well get in your place, I suppose," so he opened the door of the cage and

out jumped Jackie and Peetie, dressed just like two little clowns, only their faces weren't painted.

But the man soon fixed that, for he took some red, white and blue paint, and daubed it all over them, until they looked too funny for anything. But Peetie didn't like it very much, for some of the paint got in his mouth. Still, he couldn't say anything, for he belonged to the circus now, and the paint didn't taste as bad as some soap he once ate.

"You look awful funny," said Peetie to Jackie.

"So do you," replied Jackie to Peetie. "You make me want to laugh."

"That's what clowns are for," went on his brother, and just then the man called to them, so they had to run to get on top of a golden wagon, where the band was to ride.

High up on the wagon was a little platform, and on this Peetie and Jackie were to do tricks during the parade. The man who had given the doggies the suits told them to stay there on the platform until he came back, and when he returned, directly, he, too, was dressed like a clown.

"Start the parade!" cried the man with the big whip, and it started, with the band playing and the elephants and camels marching and the horses prancing and the lions and tigers roaring and snarling and oh—well, you've all seen a circus

parade, so I don't need to describe it, but it was simply scrumptiously elegant if you will take my word for it.

The wagon on which Peetie and Jackie rode was well up in front, and as soon as the clown nodded at them they began to do all the tricks possible on the platform—many that Percival had taught them. You should have heard the people shout when they saw the funny clown puppy dogs, and you should have seen the happy children all along the parade clap their hands and jump up and down when Peetie and Jackie did their tricks. Oh, it was great!

"This is something like!" cried Peetie, after he had stood up on Jackie's back.

"Yes, this life is worth living," agreed his brother. "But wait until the performance in the tent, and see what we do then. That will be the best."

Well, the parade was over, after a while, and all the animals and men went back to the circus grounds. Then the clown who had charge of Peetie and Jackie said he would see how many tricks they knew, so he told them different ones to do, and they did them all; every one.

"Now we will see if you can jump through paper hoops, while riding on the back of a horse,"

the man said, and he led out a slow, easy-going horse, with a broad back.

Peetie and Jackie jumped up on it, and then the horse cantered. Then the clown held up some paper hoops, and cried "Go!" and Peetie and Jackie jumped, just as Percival had shown them, and right through the hoops they went, breaking the paper as easily as you can put butter on your bread when it's a hot day.

"Very good! Very good, indeed!" cried the clown. "I guess you can go in the main tent. Now back to your cage until the show begins," and he locked them up in the big wagon again.

"I wonder if he isn't going to feed us?" said Peetie. "I am getting hungry."

"Maybe he will after the performance," suggested Jackie.

Well, pretty soon the tent began filling up with people, and the band played louder than ever, and the elephants and camels marched around the ring, and the circus had started. Oh, it was great, I tell you! Peetie and Jackie could hardly wait for their turns.

"Come on, now!" suddenly cried the clown. "Out with you!" and he cracked his whip.

Peetie and Jackie, with their hearts beating fast, ran out into the big tent, the clown after them. There was the horse they were to ride,

and the paper hoops were ready. They were to do that trick first. Up they jumped, and the horse began to canter. The clown held a hoop, and Peetie burst through it, landing on the horse's back again. Then another hoop was held up, and it was Jackie's turn.

How it happened I don't exactly know, but just then another clown near by held up a big drum, close to the horse, and, instead of jumping through the paper hoop, Jackie jumped right at the drum, and, what is worse, he burst right through the head of it with a "boom," and he found himself inside rattling around like a pea in a pod! Oh, it was awful!

Well, you should have heard the people shout! But the clown, whose drum was broken, was mad, and he shook Jackie out on the sawdust, and began to hit him with the whip, so that Jackie ran away howling.

"That trick is spoiled!" cried the angry clown. "I will have to punish the dogs for this," and he led Peetie and his brother away to their cage, locked them in and only gave them bread and water to eat. Oh, it is not always nice in a circus, as Jackie and Peetie soon found, though they did have some fun.

Now tomorrow night I'm going to tell you

about jumping over the elephants, if you girls don't lose your side combs when you're in the hammock swinging under the apple tree where the bees make molasses for popcorn balls.

STORY XXVIII

OVER THE ELEPHANTS

Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow felt very badly on their first afternoon in the circus, especially Jackie, who had jumped through the drum instead of through the paper hoop. They were locked in the cage, eating bread and drinking water, and Peetie said:

"This isn't much fun; is it?"

"No indeed," agreed Jackie. "It was my fault, I s'pose."

"Oh, you couldn't help it," kindly remarked his brother. "I believe that clown held his drum in the way on purpose. We'll do better next time, but I thought they'd feed us more than this. Percival used to tell of having bones with lots of meat on them."

"We're in disgrace," explained Jackie. "When we do our tricks better we'll get better things to eat."

"Then let's try jumping in here now," proposed Peetie. So they started to do some of their

LOUIS
WILSON

tricks, and while they were practicing, just as some of you have to practice on the piano so you can play well, who should come along but the clown who had them in charge.

"Ah, jumping around, eh?" he remarked. "Well, you want to jump better tonight than you did this afternoon, or I don't know what will happen."

Jackie and Peetie pretended not to hear him, and kept right on practicing. First Peetie leaped the whole length of the cage, high up over Jackie's head, and then Jackie did the same thing.

"Come, that's not half bad," remarked the clown admiringly. "I'll have you do some long jumps in a few days," and he cracked the whip he carried until it sounded like a pistol, and the two puppy dogs shivered, for they feared they would feel the lash on their backs, but they didn't.

Well, all the rest of that day they had to stay in the cage with the iron bars, and it wasn't much fun, let me tell you. No, indeed, it's like being shut up in a closet when you've been naughty, only, of course, Peetie and Jackie could look out and see what was going on. They saw the big elephants eating hay and peanuts, and they looked across to the cage where the big lion was.

"Isn't he a terrible fellow?" remarked Peetie to Jackie.

"Oh, I guess he's all right when you get to know him," said Peetie. "Probably we'll ride ride on his back some day, just as Percival did."

"Not for mine," said Jackie, with a shudder.

Well, after a while the people began to go away, for the afternoon part of the show was over. Then the animals were fed and this time Jackie and Peetie had a bone each, but there wasn't much meat on them. Then it got dark and big flaring lamps were lighted.

"They're getting ready for the night performance," said Jackie, capering about. "We'll jump better tonight. But what are you thinking of, Peetie?" for he noticed that his brother was rather sad.

"I—oh, I—I was just thinking about Percival, and—and——"

"I know!" exclaimed Jackie, quickly, "and mamma and papa, too, I guess, and—and——"

But he couldn't say any more, for he was crying, not much, you know, but the least little bit, and Peetie cried, too. But just then a bell began to ring and a trumpet blew, and they knew it was time for the night performance.

"Never mind," spoke Peetie, drying his tears on the straw in the bottom of the cage, "we'll soon have a lot of money, and then we can go home. Now, let's practice that big jump again."

It wasn't long before the doggies' clown master came for them, to take them out into the big tent again. There they saw a most wonderful scene. It was all lighted up; with elephants and camels marching around, and horses, too, with gold and silver blankets on, and performers were riding on the backs on the animals; and the horns and trumpets were blaring, and the drums were booming, and the people were hurrying here and there, and there was lots of excitement.

Well, for a starter, Jackie and Peetie had to do the same tricks they did in the afternoon; that is, jump through hoops on the horse's back. They did it perfectly, too, and the people clapped like anything.

Then the clown told them to do other tricks, such as turning somersaults backward and frontward, and marching like soldiers, and playing dead, and, would you believe it, Jackie pulled a string that fired off a little brass cannon, and it had real powder in it, and there was a lot of smoke, and a noise louder than when the drum was burst.

Then, pretty soon, a man came along leading a lot of elephants over to where Jackie and Peetie were. The huge beasts were made to stand in a line, and a long sloping platform was placed close to the end elephant.

"Oh, look," whispered Peetie to Jackie, "I believe we're going to jump over the elephants."

"It does look that way," admitted Jackie. "Can we do it?"

"Of course we can," declared Peetie. "Just remember what Percival told us. Don't get frightened, the elephants can't hurt us, for the men are standing near them with big hooks. Now jump your best, Jackie."

"I will," promised his brother, and two more excited little puppy dogs you never saw.

Well, the clown motioned for them to get up on the platform so they could leap over the elephants' backs. Jackie and Peetie got up, and they saw that there were three elephants in a row. The doggies took a run, gave a big jump, and over the backs of those elephants they went just like a baseball, if not better.

Then one more elephant was added to the line, making four, and they jumped over them. Then another was added, and so on until, would you believe me, there were ten elephants in a row!

"Oh, can we ever jump over those?" asked Jackie.

"We must," insisted Peetie firmly, and by this time the people were clapping and shouting as excited as could be.

Well, the puppy dogs took a big breath, and

they started to run. Oh, how fast they ran. Then, at the proper time they jumped up and leaped across the elephants' backs.

Right over they went, but oh, dear! Something happened! Just at the end of the line of elephants stood the big hippopotamus, and the instant that the puppy dogs came sailing through the air he opened his big jaws and tittle-come-tattlecome! if Peetie and Jackie didn't land right in the mouth of that hippopotamus! And it tickled him so that the hippo sneezed. But he didn't close his mouth, luckily, and Peetie and Jackie weren't hurt a bit, and they jumped out. Oh, it was the best trick of all, and how the people clapped! And Peetie and Jackie wagged their tails, and the clown gave them some fine juicy bones.

Now the story tomorrow night will be about Jackie and the lion, that is, if you don't puncture your automobile tire with a hat pin and blow out the candle when the man is down cellar fixing the furnace.

STORY XXIX

JACKIE AND THE LION

The circus moved away that night, after Jackie and Peetie had been locked in their cage, and had been given some very special bones to gnaw because they had done such a fine trick, as jumping over ten elephants, landing in the mouth of the hippopotamus, and getting out again, without being hurt. Of course, landing in the mouth of the hippopotamus was an accident, but only the circus people knew that.

"It was a very good trick," said the clown who had charge of Peetie and Jackie, "and we'll do it at every performance after this."

"I only hope that hippopotamus doesn't close his jaws on us," remarked Peetie, when he had heard what the clown said. "It will be all up with us if he does. Did you notice his tremendous teeth, Jackie?"

"No, I was too scared. It looked just as if we were sliding down a big hole, all lined with red flannel."

"Well, I s'pose we'll have to do it, to earn our money," went on Peetie, "but Percival never said a circus had so many hard things in it for puppy dogs to do."

"Well, you know he warned us not to come," said Jackie.

"Oh! I'm not backing out," exclaimed Peetie quickly, "only I thought—but no matter, let's go to sleep."

So they burrowed down under the straw, which wasn't as nice and soft as that in the kennel at home, and pretty soon the cage they were in, began rolling along. The circus was moving, and Jackie and Peetie couldn't sleep very well, for they weren't used to travelling, but, as Peetie said, you can't have everything you want when you're a performer in a circus.

They dreamed of their papa and mamma that night, and of how sorrowful the folks at home were because of the runaways, so that when morning came Peetie and Jackie weren't feeling very happy.

It was cold, too, for there was no fire in their cage, and all they had for breakfast was some dried bread. No one seemed to pay any attention to them, for everybody was busy at something else. Some of the animals were as cross as two sticks and a half; the lion roared, the tiger

snarled and the elephants blew through their long trunks just as if they were playing trumpets.

But after a while the sun came up and by this time the big tent was in position, and the flags were flying. Then breakfast was served to the performers and the animals, and every one felt better, even Jackie and Peetie. By the time the parade was to start, and they had on their clown suits, and were on top of the big, gilded wagon, the two doggies were almost happy again.

Through the streets they went, along with the parade, and the people shouted and cheered at the funny tricks Peetie and Jackie did. Then came the afternoon performance, and the puppy dogs jumped through paper hoops, did several other things and ended up by once more leaping over ten elephants and into the mouth of the hippopotamus.

"Jump out quickly, or he may close his jaws on us!" cried Peetie to Jackie, and down to the sawdust they leaped, while the people clapped louder than ever. Then the doggies saw that men stood ready with big sticks to put in the mouth of the hippopotamus and keep it open, in case he should want to shut his jaws too quickly.

Well, that ended the tricks for the afternoon, but just before the evening performance Jackie

and Peetie noticed their clown and the ringmaster talking together near their cage.

"I think I'll have the dog with the red suit ride the lion around the ring tonight," the clown said. "It will make quite a sensation."

"Isn't the lion pretty angry these days?" asked the ringmaster.

"Yes, but I think we can manage it. I'll try it, anyhow."

"That's you they're talking of, Jackie," said Peetie in a whisper, as the two men moved away from the cage. "You wear a red suit."

"That's so," agreed Jackie. "Then I've got to ride on the lion's back."

"Are you afraid?" inquired Peetie.

"I don't know," answered his brother as he looked at a bone, to see if there was any more meat left on it. "I think——"

But what Jackie was going to think he never told, for just then the lion in the next cage began to roar something terrible, and leap against the bars as if he would break them, and his whole cage shook! Men came running up, and his trainer called him to be quiet, but it was a long time before the lion settled down.

"And that's the lion on whose back I am to ride around the ring tonight," said Jackie. "Well, Peetie, I don't know what will happen."

"Neither do I," replied Peetie, and then he began to feel rather sorrowful, for he didn't want his brother to get bitten by a lion, and he began to wish they hadn't joined the circus. Then the lion roared some more, and growled low down in his throat, and all at once Jackie cried:

"I know what I'm going to do; I'm going to take a bone over to the lion. Maybe he's hungry, and that's what makes him cross. Then I'll tell him I'm going to ride on his back tonight, and I'll ask him if he won't kindly be nice to me."

"That's a good idea," agreed Peetie. "Take him a big bone." Which Jackie did, slipping out of his cage, the door of which was left open.

Well, you should have seen how kind that lion was to Jackie, when the puppy dog went timidly up to the cage containing the big beast.

"Thank you very much for the bone,'" the lion said, and he stopped roaring at once. "It will do to sharpen my teeth on," he added.

"Not so you can bite me, I hope," said Jackie, trembling a little and trying to smile. "I'm to ride on your back tonight."

"No! Is that so?" inquired the lion, quite surprised like. "Well, I'm real glad to hear it. You know the monkey usually rides on my back, and he has a bad habit of reaching around and pulling my whiskers. That's what makes me

mad, and that was why I growled so a while ago. I got to thinking of that monkey and my whiskers, and it made me roaring mad, so to speak, which, I s'pose, wasn't polite."

"I'll not pull your whiskers," promised Jackie, and then the lion smiled more kindly than ever.

Well, everything went off just lovely. Jackie rode around and around the ring on the lion's back, as bold as could be, and the people clapped like anything, and the lion never even growled; he only smiled, which shows that it pays to be kind to lions.

Well Peetie was the only doggie who jumped over the elephants' backs into the hippo's mouth that night, as Jackie had to do his own special lion trick, and both the puppy dogs had a fine supper.

Now if the milk doesn't turn sour and make funny faces at the coffee pot on the gas stove, I'll tell you tomorrow night about Peetie's big jump.

STORY XXX

PEETIE'S BIG JUMP

One day, after Peetie and Jackie had been with the circus about two weeks, and had traveled around to many places, they reached a big city.

All this time the two puppy dogs had gone on doing their tricks, Peetie jumping over the ten elephants and landing in the mouth of the hippopotamus, and Jackie riding around the ring on the lion's back.

Jackie and the lion became good friends, and Peetie also made the acquaintance of the big fellow, and the three would often visit each other in the lion's cage, for Peetie and Jackie were allowed to go out once in a while, but the lion was kept locked up, except when he did the trick in the ring.

"I wonder if we're going to get any money," said Peetie to Jackie, the day they arrived in the big city. "No one has said anything to us about pay yet."

"Maybe they'll wait until the circus is all

done," suggested Jackie. "Won't we have a lot of money to take back to papa and mamma, though? For we draw big crowds; I heard our clown say so."

"Yes, I guess we must give satisfaction," agreed Peetie, "for they have given us new suits."

And that's what had happened. The puppy dogs now had clown suits all covered with gold and silver spangles, and they looked so fine that none of their former friends would have known them. Sammie Littletail, and Johnnie and Billie, and Bawly, the frog—none of them would have recognized Peetie and Jackie.

Well, it came time for the parade, and the puppy dogs had their usual places on the big, red-and-gold band wagon. They did lots of funny things, and the crowd along the streets laughed and applauded. Then came the afternoon performance, and Peetie did the elephant trick, and Jackie rode on the lion's back.

Toward evening the clown and the ringmaster once more came and stood beside the puppy dogs' cage.

"I think we'll try a new trick tonight," said the clown. "I'll take the dog with the blue suit on and make him jump from the top of the tent."

"Won't it hurt him?" asked the man with the long whip, as he softly cracked it, so that it

sounded like the little fire-crackers which cost a penny a pack.

"Oh, no," answered the clown, "I'll have him land in a tank of water. It will make a big splash and create a sensation. We must keep on having sensations if we are to draw the crowd."

"Well, go ahead," said the ringmaster. "Have the dog do the big jump."

"That means you, Peetie," said Jackie, after the two men had gone away. "You wear a blue suit."

"Yes, it means me all right," agreed Peetie with a sigh. "I've got to jump from the top of the tent, and I don't like it a bit. It's awful far to jump. Maybe I'll break my leg, or something. It's worse than jumping over the elephants."

"Yes, and it's worse than riding the lion," agreed Jackie. "I tell you what we can do, Peetie."

"What?"

"We can run away."

"What; run away from the circus, just as we are doing our very best? I guess not!"

"But the big jump you have to make? Aren't you afraid?"

Yes, but I s'pose I've got to do it. Oh, dear,

I guess Percival was right when he said life in a circus was hard."

Well, the clown began to get things ready for Peetie's big jump that night. A little platform was built, away up near the top of the tent, and down below there was a tank of water, into which the puppy dog was to jump. The clown took Peetie up high in the tent, just before the performance was to begin and showed him what he was to do.

Poor Peetie shivered as he looked down, but there was no help for it. He had joined the circus, and now he had to do things, whether he wanted to or not. It wasn't a bit like living at home with his papa and mamma.

That night, after Peetie had made his jump over the elephants and Jackie had ridden on the lion, the clown held up his hand, and the people got as quiet as mice when they're after a bit of cheese, and then the clown told the crowd what Peetie was going to do—jump from the top of the tent into the tank of water

Well, I wish you could have heard those people clap. It was like ten rain storms on a double tin roof, but, with all that, Peetie wasn't happy.

Well, the clown took Peetie in his arms and climbed up a latter, right up to the top of the

big tent. Up, and up, and up. Oh, ever so high! My! how far it looked down to that tank.

"Steady now doggie," said the clown to Peetie, as he put him down on the platform.

Peetie tried to be steady, but his legs did tremble a bit and I don't blame him; do you? No, I guess not. Then it got all still and quiet in that tent, and the clown called.

"Ready!"

Then the drum began to roll, just like distant thunder, and it kept getting louder and louder, and the clown pushed Peetie to the edge of the platform.

"Now, jump!" he cried, and Peetie jumped.

Down and down he went, with the drum rolling out louder than ever. The puppy dog tried to keep his eyes on the tank of water where he was to land, but he went so fast that the tears came, and he couldn't see very well. He knew he couldn't be hurt very much, for he had often jumped off a bank into the creek at home, but this was a far higher jump.

Down and down he went, and at last he landed in the tank, splashing the water all about in a big spray. And just as he landed the big bass drum boomed out like a cannon!

The people started to applaud, but something happened. The big wave that Peetie had made

LOUIS
WIGA

had splashed so high that some of it went on a man in a purple suit who was riding a white horse. The water made the horse jump and the man fell off and bumped up against an elephant, and the elephant fell down and the horse almost ran away, and you never saw such confusion in all your life as followed after Peetie's big jump. The people stood up and shouted, and it was some time before they were quiet.

"It's all your fault!" cried the clown to Peetie. "If you had landed in the middle of the tank instead of near the edge, the water wouldn't have splashed!"

And, oh, how crossly he spoke! He even hit Peetie with his whip and that made Jackie growl, and the two puppy dogs were chased off to their cage without any extra supper, such as they always had.

"I'll punish them both tomorrow," said the clown. "They are getting lazy," which wasn't true, you know.

Now tomorrow's story will be about the Bow Wows going back home, that is, if I have rice and strawberry sauce for supper, and if the hand organ man's monkey doesn't put any peanuts on the front stoop.

STORY XXXI

PEETIE AND JACKIE GO HOME

You can just imagine how badly Peetie and Jackie felt as they snuggled down in the straw of their cage that night after Peetie had made his big jump and had splashed the water all over.

"Did you hear what the clown said?" inquired Jackie.

"Yes," replied Peetie, with a little sob, away down in his throat.

"He said he was going to punish us for something or other," went on Jackie, "and I don't think that's fair, as we have done our work well."

"Indeed, it isn't," agreed Peetie. "And just to think! I've got to make that big jump again tomorrow. Oh, how frightened I am when I think of it! I had rather ride on the lion's back."

"No, you wouldn't!" exclaimed Jackie quickly. "He's getting to be real cross again; not at me, you understand, for he and I are good friends, but every once in a while the monkey jumps off the pony's back, which he rides around the ring,

and the monkey runs over and pulls the lion's whiskers. This makes the lion mad, and when he gets to thinking of it he growls and roars something terrible. I'm afraid he'll forget that I'm on his back, instead of the monkey, and he may turn around and bite me."

"Oh, I hope not," said Peetie. "That would be too bad. I tell you what it is, Jackie," he went on, "this isn't as much fun as we thought it would be; is it?"

"No, it certainly is not," agreed his brother, as he buried his nose deep down in the straw.

"Of course, some parts of it are nice," resumed Peetie, "but we seem to make mistakes, though we don't mean to, and we are blamed for them. I wonder when they will whip us?"

"Don't speak of it," begged Jackie, "it makes me feel too miserable. I'm hungry, too. Oh, dear, I wish—"

"Well, what do you wish?" asked Peetie, for Jackie didn't finish.

"I wish we were home; now, there!" exclaimed Jackie.

"So do I," added Peetie, "but I don't s'pose we can go until the circus ends. We want our money."

Well, the circus moved on to the next town that night, and it was over a rough road, so that the

wagons and cages jolted, and rumbled, and the puppy dogs didn't sleep at all well. When morning came, it was raining, and it was cold, and wet, and miserable in the tent, and they had a breakfast of only cold potatoes.

"I wish we could sleep all day," murmured Peetie, as he cleaned off his plate with his tongue. "I don't like doing tricks today."

"Me either," agreed Jackie. "But we have to," and he sighed.

Just then they both saw the clown coming toward their cage, and he had a whip in his hand.

"Oh!" cried Jackie, "he's coming to whip us! But as soon as he opens the cage door we'll jump out and run away. Right out under the tent, we'll run, and as far off as we can! I've had enough of circus life!"

"So have I," said Peetie. "I'll go with you!"

Well, the clown with the whip came nearer, and he cracked it savagely. Then he opened the door of the puppy dogs' cage, and in an instant, before he was ready for them, out they leaped. Yes, sir, right out, and they ran between his legs, upsetting that clown and making him tumble down, and then out of the tent rushed Peetie and Jackie.

"Quick! After them! The trick dogs are

running away!" cried the clown. "Catch them! Bring them back! Grab them!"

Well, the whole place was in confusion. Men ran here and there and everywhere, trying to catch Peetie and Jackie. But the two dogs had a good start. On and on they ran, faster and faster.

"Which way is home?" panted Peetie.

"I don't know," gasped Jackie. "Only keep on, we must get away!"

They raced on, over the fields, anywhere to leave the big, white tent behind, but the men came after them, and the clown was ahead, cracking and snapping his cruel whip. Oh, how angry he was! Jackie stubbed his paw, and fell down, but Peetie helped him up, and then Peetie fell in a mud puddle and Jackie had to help him out, and this delayed them, and the clown was almost up to them.

"Oh!" gasped Peetie, as they ran on again. "I'm afraid they'll catch us, and take us back!" and indeed it began to look so.

But, just as the clown and a lot of men had almost caught up to Peetie and Jackie, and the doggies felt that they could not take another step, they heard some one singing a little song; and it came right out from under a big log. This is the song they heard:

"It's nice to be a circus dog,
But nicer far, I think,
To be a doggie in a house,
With lots to eat and drink.
I once was in a circus;
And did most anything.
But now I am a working-dog
And gladly do I sing."

"That's Percival!—our old dog-friend Percival!" cried Peetie.

"So it is," panted Jackie, and bless me if Percival didn't come out from under the log. He saw the two puppy dogs, and he saw the men chasing them, and he knew right away what had happened, he was so smart.

"Quick!" he cried. "Hide under this log, and I'll scare those men away." So Peetie and Jackie ran under the log and hid, and when the clown and the other men came up, Percival showed his teeth, and growled so savagely, that they were glad to keep back, and they didn't find Peetie and Jackie, and had to return to the tent, without them. Then the puppy dogs crawled out, and that's how they escaped from the circus.

"You poor chaps," spoke Percival, as kind as kind as could be. "Your mamma and papa have been looking all over for you. I just came to this

circus thinking you might be with it, and sure enough you were. Do you want to go home?"

"Do we?" cried Peetie and Jackie together. "Well, I guess we do! How far is it?"

"Not far," answered Percival. "We'll soon be there."

And they were, in about seven barks and a half. Oh, I can't tell you how glad Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow were to see Peetie and Jackie again, and they gave them the finest supper you can imagine, and forgave them both!

"We—we didn't get any money," said Peetie, after the meal, when he and Jackie had told all their troubles.

"Never mind," said his papa, "I can earn money enough for all of us," and soon the two puppy dogs were tucked in their nice beds, snoring away for dear life. And they never ran away again to join a circus, but a few weeks later they went with their papa and mamma and Percival on a long visit to the country.

There they had a fine time, and they met some friends of theirs—the two guinea pig children, Buddy and Brighteyes. They played all sorts of games, like "Pop the Weasel," and "Doggie in a Corner," and they even played "Hop-Scotch."

But as this book is getting pretty full of dog

stories. I think I'll stop it, and write another book with stories in it about the guinea pigs. It will be called "Bedtime Stories—Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg," and there will be in it some pictures of them doing all sorts of funny things, such as rolling down hill inside a cabbage, and getting lost in a tin can.

So I'll say good-night now, as I know the sand man must have been around, for you're sleepy, and I hope you will like the guinea pig book.

THE END